

The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review
of Literature Art and Life*



Vol. XL

MAY, 1902

No. 5

The Lounger

THE will of Cecil Rhodes has made almost more excitement in England and America than his death. It has been such a surprise to the public; and yet those who knew the man most intimately were probably not at all surprised by it. That he should found international scholarships at Oxford tends as much to the good-will between nations as anything short of a signed armistice could do. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who has had some experience himself in giving, is one of the most enthusiastic in his appreciation of what Mr. Rhodes has done. I have read a good many articles on "the Colossus" since his death, but none that seem to me more comprehensive in its summing up of his character than the one by Mr. I. N. Ford, published in the *Tribune*:

No statesman was ever served by a more devoted staff than Mr. Rhodes. He chose his men deliberately, trusted them implicitly, and stood by them resolutely when they were attacked. Extremely talkative and outspoken on occasions, he was ordinarily taciturn and inscrutable. He expected every one in his service to exercise large discretion and to avoid talking about him. Silence was the first law of service among the mysteries of the Rhodesian sphere. The chief was dependent upon the assistance of his loyal followers, and they were fascinated by his unique personality and con-

vinced that he was the greatest Englishman of the empire. With marked literary tastes, he disliked letter-writing, official drudgery, and clerical details, and, millionaire as he was, he found it difficult to add up a column of figures. He left all details to subordinates and worked on broad lines, creating everywhere he went an atmosphere for large projects with a far-reaching trend in the future. A dreamer and an idealist he remained to the end. The reconciliation of races after the war, the industrial development of the Dutch colonies on an unexampled scale, the extension of the railway northward, the federation of the colonies, and the creation of a Parliament for the empire were among the complex problems and grandiose projects over which he was brooding at the close of his career. Now that he is dead, his loss is generally regarded as a catastrophe for South Africa, where he would have been the natural peacemaker and the logical Prime Minister of a united confederation.



Mr. Rhodes was a great reader, and his favorites were the classics, of which he had a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him. Among the moderns, Froude and Carlyle were his favorites, and Gibbon he knew almost by heart. "Vanity Fair" he admired almost more than any other work of fiction, and there Mr. Rhodes and I are one.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE CRITIC COMPANY.

ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.



THE LATE CECIL RHODES'S HOUSE, GROOT SCHUUR, NEAR CAPE TOWN
(From a sketch by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, courtesy of *The International Studio*)

The wide interest aroused by Mr. Rhodes's death and the distribution of ten millions of his fortune has attracted especial attention to Mr. Howard Hensman's story of his wonderful career. Mr. Hensman writes from an intimate personal acquaintance with the subject of his history.

22

It is true in the publishing business, as in most others, that if you want a thing the way to get it is to put on your hat and go for it. In old times, when there was not as much competition in the publishing business as there is to-day, if a publisher wanted to secure an author he wrote him a polite letter, and ten to one secured him. Nowadays it is the publisher who goes to see an author and makes his proposition by word of mouth who gets him, or her, as the case may be. Mr. McClure has always realized this fact, and when he wanted to get a series of articles and a book out of Miss Ellen Stone he packed his bag and went to Constantinople. There he met her and arranged matters in a few moments. Not only that, but he sent for Mr. Jaccaci to look after the illustrations and for Mr. Baker to do something else. The three accompanied Miss Stone to London and from London to New York, crossing on the *Deutschland* with her. Mr. McClure is said to have agreed to pay her eight or ten thousand dollars for

serial rights in her own story of her captivity and more for book rights. Major Pond has secured her for a lecture tour, and altogether it looks as though Miss Stone were by way of making a small fortune out of what at one time looked like a serious misfortune. It is said, however, that she only wants to make money for the purpose of paying back her ransom—\$90,000, I believe.

23

Mr. Addison Bright, an English man of letters, playwright, and representative of players, has just made a flying trip to this country. He was here for nine days and during that nine days he visited all the important theatres between New York and Chicago. Before he left New York he saw all the plays to be seen here that were worth seeing—and some that were not; and he returned from Chicago just in time to go to Bridgeport to see Miss de Wolfe in "The Way of the World" and to get to Harlem to see Miss Julia Marlowe in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Mr. Bright was particularly anxious to see Miss Marlowe as she has commissioned his client, Mr. Stephen Phillips, to write her a play. As Mr. Bright sailed for England the day after he saw her, I did not have the pleasure of hearing what he had to say of this delightful actress and her art, but I am sure he must have been pleased, though

the play she has been appearing in for nearly two years is not worthy of her eminently poetical talents. It will be interesting to see her in one of Mr. Phillips's dramas, but as it is not writ-

with which the family of William Penn has been identified for generations. Not only was the old church in a dilapidated condition, but the new incumbent has had to spend several hundred



THE LATE CECIL RHODES
(Sketched from life by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, courtesy of *The International Studio*)

ten yet I am afraid we shall have to wait a long time for that pleasure.



The Rev. B. J. S. Kerby, of Penn Vicarage, Amersham, Bucks, has returned to England from Philadelphia after a visit during which he raised \$2500 to put a new roof on the village church

pounds in making the vicarage habitable. On the American liner *Philadelphia*, which brought him home, he completed his roof fund, one of the contributors being Miss Ellen Terry. The largest single subscription he received was from an anonymous Quaker lady in Philadelphia, who promised to hand him a check for \$500 when the sum of \$2000 had been secured.



THE "RUSSELL" MEMORIAL WINDOW
(Designed by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb)

As announced at the recent alumnae meeting of Wells College held in New York City, at which Mrs. Cleveland was present, a window will be placed in the college, at Aurora, in memory of Stella Goodrich Russell, of the class of '74. It is given by her husband, Charles Hazen Russell, of New York City. The window was designed by Mrs. Ella Condie Lamb and made at the studio of J. and R. Lamb of this city. The foreground shows three ideal figures: Literature in the centre, seated; Science to her right, Art to her left.

22

I am glad to hear that Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have found it worth their while to bring out a new edition of the poetical works of Bayard Taylor. This new edition is edited by the poet's wife, who has given it her careful revision, also contributing a preface, in which she tells the story of her husband's literary growth. Bayard Taylor is not as well known to the present generation of his countrymen as he should be. He was not one of our greatest poets, but we have few who

wrote more virile verse than his, and his translations will always be standards.

22

One would think, on the face of it, that the literary life was a simple and an easy one, and that there was nothing very nerve-straining in writing a book if a year or so were devoted to its composition; and yet there have been an unusual number of breakdowns among writers of fiction within the last few weeks. Mrs. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) has gone abroad, and if not suffering from nervous prostration is so very near it that it is no joke. Mrs. Catherwood, whose latest novel, "Lazarre," has met with such widespread success, is in a hospital. And Mrs. Frances Hodgson Townsend (Burnett), who came to America for rest

and change of scene, has broken down completely and is now in a sanitarium. That does not mean that her mind is in any way affected, but that she has

Tringham,
HINDHEAD
Undershaw,
Hindhead,
Haslemere.

26.1
1902

My dear Robinson

Was your account a
west country legend which first
Suggested the idea of this little tale
to my mind.

For this, and for the help which
you gave me in its evolution,
all thanks

Yours most truly

A. Conan Doyle

T

FACSIMILE OF MS. LETTER FROM DR. CONAN DOYLE

broken down physically for the time being. So after all, the trade of writing may take more out of one than it is generally supposed to.

making as thrilling a story as the one that Mr. Gillette has embodied in his play. I understand that THE CRITIC'S esteemed contemporary, *The Bookman*,



Photo by

Elliott & Fry

DR. CONAN DOYLE

In reviving Sherlock Holmes and writing a new story around the exploits of that magician among detectives, Dr. Conan Doyle undertook a dangerous thing, but in "The Hound of the Baskervilles" he has succeeded in

will devote its May number almost exclusively to the laudation of Dr. Doyle and his detective stories. It is said that the reading of these stories is the absorbing passion of the senior editor of *The Bookman*, and that when a new

The Critic



MISS OSTERTAG

(From a drypoint by Mr. Frank Holme)

number of the *Strand* arrived with an instalment of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in it he shut himself up in a room with his pipe and the magazine and denied himself to all visitors until he had read the story. I can easily understand one banishing himself with a copy of the complete story in his hand, but not with the scraps that are printed from month to month. It seems to me that "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a book to take and finish in a reading. Certainly no one can take it up without reading to the end—and woe betide the person who interrupts him.

22

Mr. Frank Holme, who sketched this head of Miss Ostertag, is a newspaper

man of varied and restless cleverness. I believe he is illustrating Mr. George Ade's new *Fables*, while he recuperates from lung trouble in Aiken. He has tried his hand at everything in the graphic arts, from newspaper pictures of the Johnstown floods to colored etchings, and always with some success. Once, for a while, he ran a private press, a most expensive fad, for only the best paper and most beautiful type would do him for the essays of Stevenson and other favorites. Knowing his own habit of plunging vehemently into a new pursuit and then leaving it, he called his press The Bandarlog Press, and designed an amusing imprint of a little monkey dropping a book through the branches, as Kipling's tree folk dropped everything. One of his comrades on The Bandarlog Press was George Bentham, now in New York helping to edit that complete set of Fitz-Gerald that Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are getting out. Mr. Bentham is a bibliophile, a collector of Kelmscott books, first editions, unpublished drawings, and the most costly odds and ends. He has drawings by Charles Keene, by Lewis Carroll, and I don't know how many other clever draughtsmen.

23

Recent exhibitions of Japanese pictures by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith at the St. Botolph Club in Boston, and at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, have again aroused interest in that artist's faithful and characteristic transcriptions of bygone art. Mr. Smith was sent to Japan by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and has returned with numerous reproductions of native masterpieces. In commenting on his work the *Japan Mail* remarks that:

Of course Mr. Smith, for all his diligence, has not been able to do more than exploit a very small part of this mine of wealth, but we are much mistaken if his imitable reproductions do not inspire the Boston connoisseurs to give him a second commission. At all events we sincerely hope that such will be the case. Photography and chromo-lithography are quite inadequate to accomplish the ends which Mr. Smith has attained.



STATUE OF ONE OF THE DEVA KINGS
FROM THE TEMPLE OF KOFUKUJI, JAPAN
(After the copy by Mr. Joseph Lindon Smith)



Photo by

Byron

SCENE FROM "SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE"

(See The Drama)



Photo by

Elliott & Fry

MR. ARTHUR GRANVILLE BRADLEY

To Mr. Arthur Granville Bradley belongs the distinction of having written the first life of Owen Glyndwr in English. To most of us this spelling of the Welsh hero's name is new and not altogether satisfactory. We were brought up on the old way, Glendower, and liked it. At any rate, we could pronounce it from the spelling; but I defy anyone to pronounce the name as Mr. Bradley spells it on sight. However, whether as Glyndwr or Glendower, this Welsh hero is a picturesque personality and we are glad to read the true story of his career.

The photograph of Mr. Thomas Hardy from which this portrait was reproduced, I picked up in London in 1894. It is the only picture of Mr. Hardy with a beard that I have ever seen. Some years ago THE CRITIC published the only portrait of Thoreau with a beard. Now-a-days the author or the "man in the street" is as beardless as a priest or an actor. There are, however, notable exceptions, Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Edwin Markham being among them.

Harper's Weekly speaks severely of the sort of college vandalism that seems to be rampant to-day. There are no words too severe to scourge young men who think it fun to defile the monuments erected in memory of their coun-

try's heroes or to cut valuable portraits from their frames. It is to be hoped that the presidents of the universities whose students committed these outrages will point out to them the contempt that they have earned and punish them with all the severity that college law permits. Such young men

are not only a disgrace to their college, but to their country.

25

No man is more popular among the writers of Chicago than Mr. H. C.



Photo by

Barraud

MR. THOMAS HARDY WITH A BEARD
(From a photograph taken in 1894)

try's heroes or to cut valuable portraits from their frames. It is to be hoped that the presidents of the universities whose students committed these outrages will point out to them the contempt that they have earned and punish them with all the severity that college law permits. Such young men

Chatfield-Taylor, whose latest novel, "The Crimson Wing," has been much talked about. There is a kind of good fellowship in the man which puts him at ease with anyone, and he is a particularly good comrade with the writers and artists who frequent The Little Room. For that organization he has

The Critic



Burr McIntosh

MR. H. C. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

Studio

assisted in many strange entertainments, one of which was the parody of Henry B. Fuller's "Last Refuge," for which Mr. Taylor not only wrote the play, but acted the star part. It is in this kind of atmosphere that he is most at home, and the two things which he regrets most are the unsought notoriety he has gained as a social leader and the infliction of a hyphenated name. For neither of these is he responsible, and nothing is further from his wishes than the desire to pose as a society man or a social dictator, or any of the kindred characters which the newspapers have forced upon him. The

cotillions he led in Chicago soon after he left college, and the fact that he was the Infanta Eulalia's escort when she was in Chicago, sent abroad the impression that he was the social leader of the city. Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him. Although Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has edited a paper, written seven books, three of which have been re-published in England, and contributed articles to some of the most prominent periodicals in the country, he is still to the average newspaper man only the leader of Chicago society. Yet his heart is in his work, and he would rather be known as a professional writer than as the head of all the four hundreds in Europe and America. There are many people seeking social notoriety, but Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has had it thrust upon him.

The other sin for which he is not responsible is his double name, which was the gift of his uncle, Wayne B. Chatfield, of Chicago, a bachelor whose family pride was tenacious. Mr. Taylor's inheritance from him was coupled with the stipulation that his surname should be changed, and as the judge in granting the decree held that the Christian name was unaffected, his legal title is long and a fit subject, according to many reporters, for jests. If he were asked which events in his life he regretted most, he would say his unsought social notoriety and his double name. He hopes by continual effort his work may live them down.

22

The dramatic rights in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's "The Crimson Wing" have just been arranged for by Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. E. E. Rose is to make the dramatization.

23

Mr. Karl Edwin Harriman, whose portrait I take pleasure in presenting, is a young man with a future "before him." From the tone of a letter I received from him the other day, he wishes it were not so far before him. Mr. Harriman has the distinction of having sold his stories in bunches of eight and ten to the leading magazines,

but none of them have appeared in print as yet. The editors promised him early publication, but the happy day has not arrived. He feels encouraged from the fact that they have not only accepted his stories, but that they have accepted so many of them, but he does wish that they would print them. In the meantime Mr. Harriman has been doing some excellent work on the *Detroit Tribune*, from which paper he resigned a few weeks ago to accept the assistant editorship of the *Pilgrim*, a periodical not as well known in the East as it is in the West, where it has a large and flattering circulation.



It is proposed to endow a cot in a child's hospital and otherwise celebrate the memory of Kate Greenaway. Children all over the world, who have been charmed by this gentle artist's pictures of child life, are invited to contribute. The subscription will be closed in June, so that there is still time to send. No matter how small the sum, a dime or a dollar, it will be received in the spirit that prompts the gift. Address the Hon. Treasurer of the Kate Greenaway



MR. KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN

Memorial Fund, Lee Manor, near Great Missenden, Bucks, England.



So many picturesque tales are in circulation about Mr. I. K. Friedman that, as was bound to happen, there is much going the rounds about him that is not true. For instance, it is not true writes a friend "that he lives in the slums; he lives in a very beautiful and elegantly appointed home overlooking the lake, in Chicago. That he would live in the slums were he left to his own devices, is true; but Mr. Friedman has a large family of brothers and sisters, all of whom are rather more than well-to-do and ordinarily cultured folk, and they keep watch and ward over their kinsman, who is gifted not with talent alone, but with a sympathy so immense, so

The Critic



Copyright by

E. B. Brownell

MR. I. K. FRIEDMAN

all-embracing, that one fears it must be confessed he is not quite practical. Certainly he was never designed for a man of business; he has the student temperament, in essence, and literally not the smallest capability of advancing himself by the methods of David Harum, "Do unto the other fellow what he'd like to do unto you, and do it fust." It is true that while he was working on "By Bread Alone," he spent much more of his time in South Chicago than anywhere else, not only in the great steel works, to the freedom of which he is the only outsider ever permitted, but in the homes of the foreign-born workers, at their dances, in their saloons and lodge meetings and labor discussions, coming to know their lives as no other man not of themselves has, perhaps, ever known it. The weird and eerie little children of the slums hail Mr. Friedman familiarly as one of themselves, and he causes their elders to have no more awkwardness in his presence than in the presence of one of

their own kind who is quiet and contemplative, but known, by many a test, to be the friendliest of the friendly. In his circle of literary associates, Mr. Friedman is one of the most popular of men, held by one and all in an esteem little, if any, short of genuine affection."

28

There was a great time in Roxbury over the celebration of Edward Everett Hale's eightieth birthday. Rejoicings were enthusiastic and genuine, and the recipient bore his honors as one who appreciated them and the spirit in which they were conferred. To further celebrate this interesting occasion, the Outlook Company has published a handsome edition of "The Man without a Country." Dr. Hale has written a special preface to this birthday edition, in which he tells the interesting history of the famous parable. Dr. Hale was one of the earliest friends of THE CRITIC, and when this magazine celebrated its twentieth birthday it received no more hearty congratulations than those that came from the busy study in Roxbury. Long live this grand old man, whom age cannot wither, nor custom stale his infinite variety!

29

Miss Susan Hale came from Algiers to Boston, where she arrived in good season to celebrate her brother's eightieth birthday. The pleasure of her brief stay in London was marred by the recent death of her friend, Mr. B. F. Stevens, the well-known library purchasing agent, whose office in Trafalgar Square has long been a sort of clearing-house for American travellers. Mr. Stevens had a host of friends on both sides of the water, and will be much missed in the American colony there, though little had been seen of him during the eighteen-months illness that preceded his death.

28

Columbia University was most fortunate in having a man of the stripe of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler to step into the President's chair when Mr.

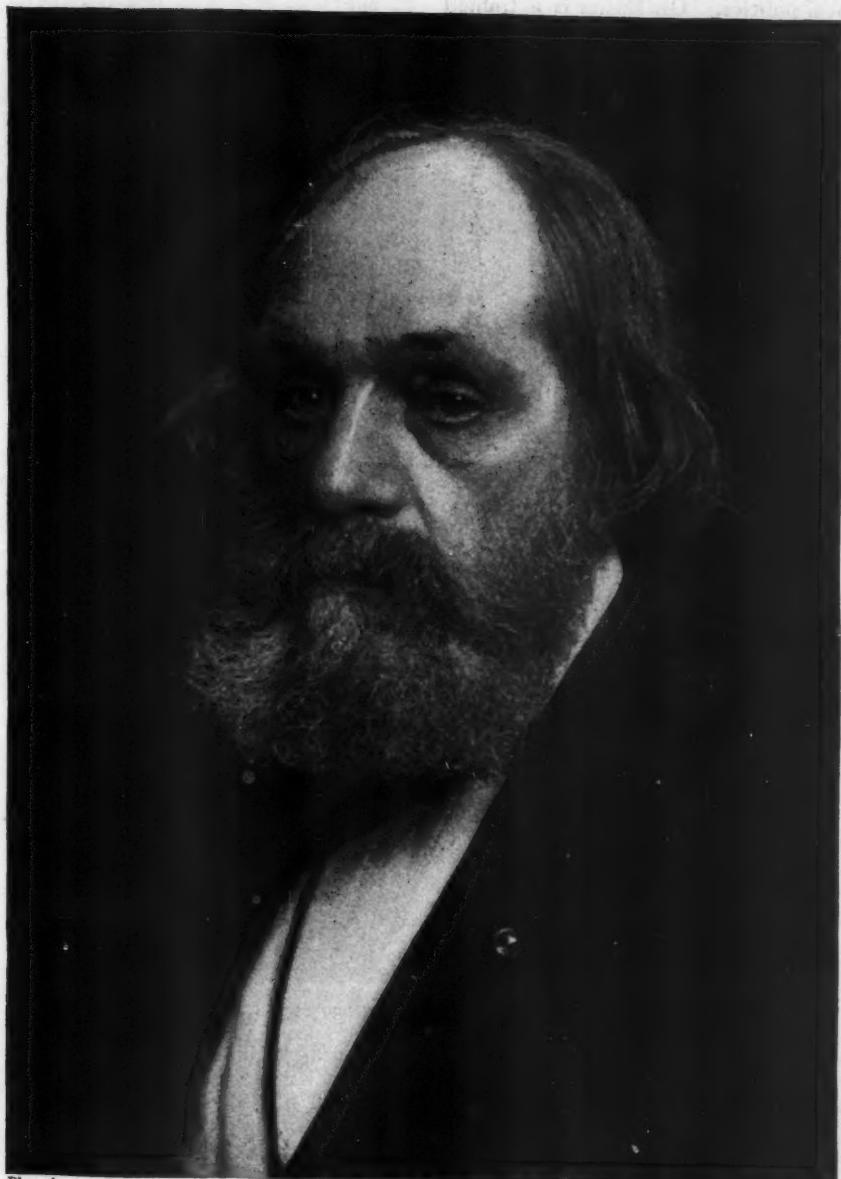


Photo by

Hollinger

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

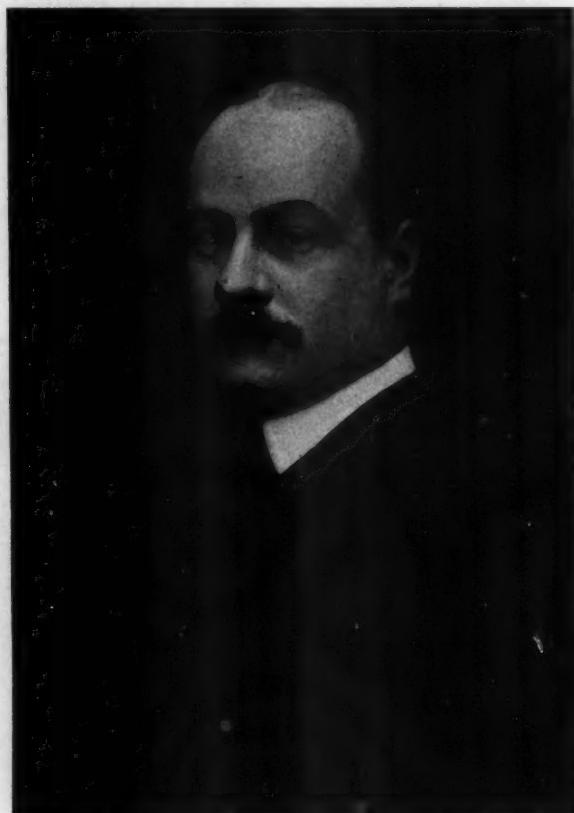
The Critic

Low resigned to enter the arena of local politics. Dr. Butler is a trained educator. Although not yet forty years of age he has spent twenty years of his life in the study and practice of the science of education. He is a born organizer, and thoroughly understands

make the change, which is more a pity as the first title had become pretty thoroughly advertised.

22

Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, whose first book, "Graustark," has had one of



PRESIDENT NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

the art of administration. His views are positive and so is his expression of them.

22

The name of Miss Marie Van Vorst's novel has been changed from "The Sacrifice of Fools" to "Philip Longstreth." The former was the better title, but someone had pre-empted it and Miss Van Vorst was obliged to

the record-breaking sales, has written a new novel which Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. will publish late in the summer. The new story is called "Castle Craney-crow," and is a modern romance with Brussels and northern France for the scene of action.

22

The success of "Graustark" reminds me that some of the greatest successes,

in point of sales, have been made by first novels. No wonder that an enterprising publisher is starting a first-novel series. "David Harum" was a first novel, so were "Eben Holden," "Prisoners of Hope," "The Helmet of Navarre," "A Gentleman from Indiana," "No. 5 John Street," and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." I dare say that I have omitted the best known, but this list proves my point.



In his interesting "Autobiography" Sir Walter Besant is rather apologetic for having written eighteen novels in eighteen years; that, as one need not be a mathematician to see, is just one novel per annum. He says that it only took him about eight months to write one, and at this rate his output was not more than a thousand words a day, which to a journalist would be nothing. I read in a London paper that Mr. Max Pemberton as a rule writes two novels of eighty thousand words in length every year, and that Mrs. Craigie keeps three or four books going at once. She does not, however, publish as many as three or four at a time. Indeed, she works slowly, and it is often four years from the time one of her books is begun till it is published.



Mrs. Craigie has just finished a comedy. She finds writing for the stage agreeable, but she feels that it has more limitations than novel writing. This is no doubt true if one is guided by the voice of the manager. A manager will tell you that thus and so cannot be done on the stage; whether it has been proved that it cannot is another question. A publisher seldom restricts an author with questions of convention. Though people would hesitate to believe it, the stage is very conventional. In writing for it one comes "up against," as the phrase goes, no end of obstacles. "This cannot be done," and "the other cannot be done,"—such is the constant cry. It is, however, quite true that things that can be done in books cannot be done on the stage. If a reader does not like what is in a

book he can throw it aside; but he has already bought it—unless he has borrowed it—and the publisher does not suffer a loss. But what the playgoer does not like on the stage he resents so emphatically that he keeps others away. And then again, things that one would glance over in a novel are brought so vividly to mind by acting that they cannot be glanced over.



In criticising with no little severity the way books are renewed in England, Sir Walter says:

Another point in which the ordinary editor is blameworthy is that he takes no care to keep out of his paper the personal element. He allows the log-roller to praise his own friends and the spiteful and envious failure to abuse his enemies. This carelessness is so common in English journalism that one knows beforehand, when certain books appear, the organs in which they will be praised or assailed. Surely, for the credit of his paper, an editor might at least ascertain, beforehand, that a critic is neither the friend nor the enemy of the author. In the New York CRITIC, I have been told, every reviewer is on his honor not to undertake a criticism of the work of a personal friend or a personal enemy. We have many things to learn from America.

Sir Walter was correctly informed. This rule has been strictly adhered to since the day that THE CRITIC was born and will be continued so long as the present management is at the helm.



Clara Morris's novel, "A Pasteboard Crown," announced some time ago in THE CRITIC as being under way, is finished and will be published by Messrs. Scribner. Miss Morris laid down the pen for a short time during the past winter to go out on a lecture tour. She was very successful as a platform talker, but she decided to return to her home at Riverdale on the Hudson and finish her story. Miss Morris has the gift of writing just as she has the gift of acting. There were always certain crudities in her work as an actress, and there are crudities in her work as a writer; but the vital spark is there. She could thrill us before the footlights and she can thrill us

with her pen. I understand that a New York manager had the temerity—let us call it that instead of by a harsher name—to ask Miss Morris to play a subordinate part in a play always associated with her name, a popular young actress to play the leading part. I am told that the letter in which Miss Morris declined the offer was among the most picturesque that she has ever written, and that it burned a hole through the manager's desk where it lay.

28

Ping Pong is responsible for many sins, among them this "Bugle Song," committed by Mr. Burges Johnson:

Grim portent falls o'er dining-halls,
Excited hearts full high are beating;
O quick! Snatch off the table-cloth
Before the folks have done their eating.
Ping, Father, Ping! Set the wild echoes ringing!
And Pong, Mother! Answer echoes, Ponging,
Panging, Pinging!

O hark, O hear! How sharp and clear!
As Grand-dad pings across the table!
O faint and far the echoes are,—
With Jenkins ponging in the stable.
Ping! 'Tis the cook and eke the housemaid flinging
Care to the winds and Ponging, Panging, Pinging!

O Love, it palls,—this chasing balls
That hide themselves in dusty places,—
While one, alas, flew in the gas.
And three knocked over valued vases.
Ping! Is it true that angels, no more singing,
With harps for bats, go Ponging, Panging, Pinging?

29

A correspondent of THE CRITIC sends me these bits of veritable conversations overheard in the theatre:

1

"Yes, I went to see 'Becky Sharp,' but I did n't see much in it. Now was she in love with her husband or not?"

"She is not supposed to have been."

"Well, that's what I thought, and it seemed so foolish, because if she was n't in love with him what did she marry him for?"

2

"I did n't like 'Becky Sharp' either; I thought it was just horrid. Who was that old man she talked to so much? [Lord Steyne.] Was that her father?"

"Not exactly."

"Well, I did n't know. He said he paid for all her jewelry, and I knew he was n't her husband, and I thought perhaps he was her father."

3

"I'm having a lovely time this week. I went to see 'David Harum' Wednesday, and to-night I'm going to see 'Mistress Nell.' I imagine they'll be quite different, don't you?"

"It would seem probable."

"Now what do you suppose 'Mistress Nell' will be about?"

"It seems likely to be about Nell Gwynne."

"Oh, was she a real character? How lovely! Who was she?"

"She was an actress, and a favorite of Charles II."

"How interesting! I suppose she was his mistress. Why, of course; I ought to have known—that's why it's called 'Mistress Nell'."

4

"I haven't seen a decent play for a long time. They don't seem to have any more real good plays. Now the other night we went to see Henry Miller, and he's supposed to be first-class, but I didn't see anything to make a fuss over. What I like is me-lo-dra-ma. Did you ever see 'The Banker's Daughter'? That's an elegant play. Everybody wears full evening dress from beginning to end. That's what I like. You don't see plays like that nowadays."

And this is the discriminating audience that the actor of to-day must please! May joy go with him!





Browning's Treatment of Nature *

By STOPFORD A. BROOKE

Author of "Tennyson : His Art and Relation to Modern Life"

SECOND PAPER

THE next thing to touch on is his drawing of landscape, not now of separate pieces of Nature, but of the whole view of a land seen under a certain aspect of the Heavens. All the poets ought to be able to do this well, and I have elsewhere drawn attention to the brief, condensed, yet far-opening fashion in which Tennyson has done it. Sometimes the poets describe what they see before them, or have seen, drawing directly from Nature. Sometimes they invent a wide or varied landscape as a background for a human subject, and arrange and tone it for that purpose. Shelley did this with great nobleness and subtlety. Browning does not do it, except, perhaps, in "Christmas Eve," when he prepares the night for the appearance of Christ. Nevertheless, even in "Christmas Eve," the description of the lunar rainbow is of a thing he has seen, a not-invented thing, and it is as clear, vivid, and natural as it can be; only it is heightened and thrilled through by the expectancy and the thrill in Browning's soul, which the reader feels and which the poet, through his passion, makes the reader comprehend. But there is no suggestion that any of this feeling exists in Nature. The rainbow has no consciousness of the vision to come or of the emotion in Browning (as it would have had in Wordsworth), and therefore it is painted with an accuracy un-

dimmed by any transference to Nature of the soul of the poet.

I quote the piece; it is a noble specimen of his landscape work.

For lo, what think you? Suddenly
The rain and the wind ceased, and the sky
Received at once the full fruition
Of the moon's consummate apparition.
The black cloud-barricade was riven,
Ruined beneath her feet, and driven
Deep in the West; while, bare a breathless,
North and South and East lay ready
For a glorious thing that, dauntless, deathless,
Sprang across them and stood steady—
'T was a moon-rainbow, vast and perfect
From heaven to heaven extending, perfect
As the mother-moon's self, full in face.
It rose, distinctly at the base
With its seven proper colors chорded,
Which still, in the rising, were compressed,
Until at last, they coalesced,
And supreme the spectral creature lorded
In a triumph of whitest white,—
Above which intervened the night,—
But above night too, like only the next,
The second of a wondrous sequence,
Reaching in rare and rarer frequence,
Till the heaven of heavens were circumflexed,
Another rainbow rose, a mightier,
Fainter, flushier and flightier,—
Rapture dying along its verge—
Oh, whose foot shall I see emerge,
Whose, from the straining topmost dark,
On to the keystone of that arc?

This is only a piece of sky, though I have called it landscape work. But then the sky is frequently treated alone

* Copyright, 1902, by S. A. Brooke, in the United States of America.

by Browning; and it is always present in power over his landscape, it, and the winds that travel in it. This is natural enough for one who lived so much in Italy, where the scenery of the sky is more superb than that of the earth—so various, noble, and surprising that when Nature plays there, as a poet, her tragedy and comedy, we scarcely take the trouble of considering the earth. However, we find an abundance of true landscape in Browning, only it is strange, I repeat, that there is only one English landscape among them. The rest are, with a few exceptions, Italian; and they have that grandeur and largeness, that intensity given by blazing color, that peculiar tint either of labyrinthine or of tragic sentiment, which belong to Italy. I select a few of them :

The morn when first it thunders in March
The eel in the pond gives a leap, they say ;
As I leaned and looked o'er the aloed arch
Of the villa-gate this warm March day,
No flash snapped, no dumb thunder rolled
In the valley beneath where, white and wide,
Washed by the morning water-gold,
Florence lay out on the mountain side.

River and bridge and street and square
Lay mine, as much at my beck and call,
Through the live translucent bath of air,
As the sights in a magic crystal ball.

Here is the Roman Campagna and its very sentiment :

The Champaign with its endless fleece
Of feathery grasses everywhere !
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease.

And this might be in the same place :

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
Miles and miles
On the solitary pastures where our sheep
Half-asleep
Tinkle homeward through the twilight—

This is a crimson sunset over dark and distant woods in autumn :

That autumn eve was stilled ;—
A last remains of sunset dimly burned
O'er the far forests ; like a torch-flame turned

By the wind back upon its bearer's hand
In one long flare of crimson ! As a brand
The woods beneath lay black. A single eye
From all Verona cared for the soft sky.

And if we desire a sunrise, there is the triumphant beginning of "Pippa Passes"—a glorious outburst of light, color, and splendor, the very upsoaring of Apollo's head behind his furious steeds. It begins with one word, like a single stroke on the gong of Nature : it continues this till the whole of the overarching vault, and the world below, in vast disclosure, is flooded with an ocean of gold.

Day !
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last ;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spouting and supprest it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the brim
Of yonder gap in the solid grey
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away ;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be supprest,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed
the world.

That is chiefly of the sky, but the description in that gipsy-hearted poem of the "Flight of the Duchess," brings before us, at great length, league after league of wide-spreading landscape. It is first of the great wild country, cornfield, vineyards, sheep-ranges, open chase, till we arrive at last at the mountains ; and, climbing up among their pines, dip down into a yet vaster and wilder country, a vast, red, drear, burnt-up plain, over which we are carried for miles :

Till at the last, for a bounding belt,
Comes the salt sand hoar of the great sea-shore.

Or we may read the "Grammarians Funeral," where we leave the city walls and climb the peak on whose topmost ledge he is to be buried. As we ascend, the landscape widens ; we see it expanding in the verse. Moreover, with a wonderful power, Browning makes us feel the air grow keener, fresher, brighter, more soundless, and lonelier. That, too, is given by the verse : it is a triumph in Nature-poetry.

Nor is he one whit less effective in narrow landscape, in the description of small, shut-in spaces of Nature. There is the garden at the beginning of "Paracelsus"; the ravine, step by step, in "Pauline"; the sea-beach and its little cabinet of landscapes, in "James Lee's Wife"; the exquisite pictures of the path over the Col di Colma in "By the Fireside"—for though the whole of the landscape is given, yet each verse, almost, might stand as a small picture by itself. It is one of Browning's favorite ways of description, to walk slowly through the landscape, describing step by step those parts of it which strike him, and leaving to us to combine the parts into the whole. But his way of combination is to touch the last thing he describes with human love, and to throw back this atmosphere of feeling over all the pictures he has made. The verses I quote do this:

O moment, one and infinite !
The water slips o'er stock and stone ;
The west is tender, hardly bright.
How grey at once is the evening grown—
One star, the chrysolite !

We two stood there with never a third,
Put each by each, as each knew well :
The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,
The lights and the shades made up a spell
Till the trouble grew and stirred.

Oh, the little more, and how much it is !
And the little less, and what worlds away !
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play,
And life be a proof of this.

There are hosts of such miniatures of Nature as I speak of here. Sometimes, however, the pictures are larger and nobler, when the natural thing described is in itself charged with power, terror, or dignity. I give one instance of this, where the fierce Italian thunder-storm is enhanced by being the messenger of God's vengeance on guilt. It is from "Pippa Passes." The heaven's pillars are overbowed with heat. The black-blue canopy descends close on Ottima and Sebald:

Buried in the woods we lay, you recollect ;
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead ;
And ever and anon some bright white shaft

Burnt thro' the pine-tree roof, here burnt and there,
As if God's messenger thro' the close wood-screen
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me ; then broke
The thunder like a whole sea overhead—

That is as splendid as the thing itself.

Again, no one can help observing in all these quotations the extraordinary love of color, a love Tennyson has in far fainter measure, but which Browning seems to possess more than any other English poet. Only Sir Walter Scott approaches him in this. This arises probably from his having lived so long in Italy, where the light is so pure and brilliant that color is more intense, and at dawn and sunset more deep, delicate, and various than it is in our land. Sometimes, as Ruskin says, "it is not color, it is conflagration"; but, wherever it is, in the bell of a flower, on the edge of a cloud, on the back of a lizard, on the veins of a lichen, it strikes in Browning's verse at our eyes, and he only, in English poetry, has joy enough in it to be its full interpreter.

He sees the wild tulip blow out its great red bell; he sees the thin, clear bubble of blood at its tip; he sees the spike of gold which burns deep in the bluebell's womb, the corals that, like lamps, disperse thick red flame through the dusk green universe of the ocean; the lakes, which, when the morn breaks,

Blaze like a wyvern flying round the sun;

the woodland brake whose withered fern dawn feeds with gold; the moon carried off at sunrise in purple fire; the larch-blooms crisp and pink; the sanguine heart of the pomegranate; the filberts russet-sheathed and velvet-capped; the poppies red to blackness; the red fans of the butterfly falling on the rock like a drop of fire from a brandished torch; the star-fish, rose-jacinth to the finger-tips; and a hundred other passionate seizures of color.* And, for the last of these color remembrances, in quieter tints—almost in black and white—I give this lovely verse from "James Lee's Wife":

The swallow has set her six young on a rail,
And looks seaward :

The water's in stripes like a snake, olive pale
 To the leeward,—
 On the weather-side, black, spotted white with the
 wind.
 "Good fortune departs, and disaster's behind"—
 Hark! the wind with its wants, and its infinite
 wail!

So, not only do we possess all these landscapes, but we possess them in color. They are painted as well as drawn. It is his love of color which made at least half the impulse that drove him at times into impressionism. Good drawing is little to the impressionist painters. It is the sudden glow, splash, or flicker of color that moves them, which makes on them the swift, the momentary impression they wish to record.

And color acted on Browning in the same way. I have said he was impressionist, when he liked, for forty years before impressionism was born in modern art. He was so, because from the beginning he saw things in color, not only in light and shade. It is well worth a reader's while to search him for color-impressions. I quote one, for example, with the black horse flung in at the end exactly in the way an artist would do it who loved a flash of black life midst a dead expanse of gold and green:

Fancy the Pampas' sheen!
 Miles and miles of gold and green
 Where the sunflowers blow
 In a solid glow,
 And—to break now and then the screen—
 Black neck and eyeballs keen,
 Up a wild horse leaps between!

Having, then, this extraordinary power of sight, needing no carefulness of observation or study, but capable of catching and holding without trouble all that his eye rested or glanced upon, it is no wonder that sometimes it amused him to put into verse the doings of a whole day: the work done in it by men of all classes and the natural objects that encompassed them; not cataloguing them dryly, but shooting through them, like rays of light, either his own fancies and thoughts, or the fancies and thoughts of some typical character whom he invented. This

he has done specially in two poems: "The Englishman in Italy," where the noble shell of the Sorrento plain, its sea and mountains, and all the doings of the peasantry, are detailed with the most intimate delight and truth out of his own soul. The second of these poems is "Up in a Villa—Down in the City," where a farm of the Casentino with its surroundings is contrasted with the street-life of Florence; and both are described through the vivid character whom he invents to see them. These poems are astonishing pieces of intimate, joyful observation of scenery.

Again, there is no poet whose love of animals is so great as Browning's, and none who has so frequently, so carefully, so vividly described them. It is amazing, as we go through his work, to realize the largeness of his range in this matter, from the river-horse to the lizard, from the eagle to the wren, from the loud-singing bee to the filmy insects in the sunshine. I give a few examples. No man could see a lynx more vividly than Karshish—

A black lynx snarled and pricked a tufted ear,
 Lust of my blood inflamed his yellow balls.

And the very soul of the eagle is in
 this question—

Ask the Geier-Eagle why she stoops at once
 Into the vast and unexplored abyss?
 What full-grown power informs her from the first,
 Why she not marvels, strenuously beating
 The silent boundless regions of the sky!

He has watched the heavy-winged
 osprey in its haunts, fain to fly,

. . . but forced the earth his couch to make
 Far inland, till his friend the tempest wake,

on whose fiercer wings he can flap his
 own into activity.

In "Caliban on Setebos," as would naturally be the case, animal life is intense everywhere; and how close to truth, how keenly observed are his descriptions of beast and bird; how full of color they are, how flashed into words which seem like colors, any animal-lover may hear in the few lines I quote:

Von otter, sleek, wet, black, lithé as a leech ;—
 Von auk, one fire-eye in a ball of foam,
 That floats and feeds ; a certain badger brown,
 He hath watched hunt with that slant white-wedge
 eye
 By moonlight.

That is enough to prove his power.
 And the animals are seen not as a cultured person sees them, but as a savage,
 with his eyes untroubled by thoughts,
 sees them ; for Browning, with his curious self-transmuting power, has put himself into the skin of Caliban.
 Then again, in that lovely lyric in "Paracelsus,"

Thus the Mayne glideth,

the banks and waves are full of all the bird- and beast-life of a river. Elsewhere, he sees the falcon spread his wings like a banner, the stork clapping his bill in the marsh, the coot dipping his blue breast in the water, the swallow flying to Venice—"that stout seafarer"—the lark shivering for joy, and a hundred other birds; and, lastly, even the great bird of the Imagination, the Phœnix, flying home, and in a splendid verse records the sight :

As the King-bird with ages on his plumes
 Travels to die in his ancestral glooms.

Not less wonderful, and more unique in English poetry, is the love of insects. He paints the hermit-bee, the soft, small, unfrighted thing, lighting on the dead vine-leaf, and twirling and filing all day. He strikes out the grasshopper at a touch—

Chirrups the contumacious grasshopper.

He has a swift vision of the azure damsel-fly flittering in the wood :

Child of the simmering quiet, there to die.

He sees all the insect population of an old green wall, and fancies the fancies of the crickets and the flies, and the carousing of the cicala in the trees, and the bee swinging in the chalice of the campanula, and the wasps pricking the papers round the peaches, and the gnats and early moths craving their food from God when dawn awakes them, and the fireflies crawling like

lamps through the moss, and the spider, sprinkled with mottles on an ash-grey back, and building his web on the edge of tombs. These are but a few things out of this treasure-house of animal observation and love. It is a love which animates and populates with life his landscapes. Many of the points I have attempted here to make are illustrated in "Saul." In verse v. the sheep are described, with all a shepherd's delightful affection, coming back at evening to the folding ; and, with David's poetic imagination, compared to the stars following one another into the meadows of night—

And now one after one seeks his lodging, as star follows star
 Into the eve and the blue far above us—so blue and so far—

In verse vi. the quails, and the crickets, and the jerboa at the door of his sandhouse, are thrilled into quicker life by David's music. In verse ix. the full joy of living in beasts and men is painted in the midst of landscape after landscape struck out in single lines, till all Nature seems crowded and simmering with the overflowing life whose rapture Browning loved so well. These fully reveal his poetic communion with animals. Then there is a fine passage in verse x. when he describes the loosening of a thick bed of snow from the mountain-side—an occurrence which also drew the interest of Shelley in the "Prometheus"—which illustrates what I have said of Browning's conception of the separate life, as of giant Titans, of the vaster things in Nature. The mountain is alive and lives his own life with his own grim joy. He wears his snow like a breastplate, and discharges it when it pleases him. It is only David who thinks that the great creature lives to guard us from the tempests. And Hebron carries himself in the same giant fashion.

For I wake in the grey dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves
 The dawn struggling with night on his shoulder,
 and Kidron retrieves
 Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

Then, at the end of the poem, Browning represents all Nature as full of emotion, gathered into intenser life, by David's prophecy of the coming of immortal love in Christ to man. This sympathy of Nature with humanity is so rare a thought in Browning, and so apart from his view of her, that I think he felt its strangeness himself; and he has taken some pains to make us understand that it is not Nature herself who does this, but David, in his uplifted inspiration, who imputes it to her. If that be not the case, it is at least interesting to find the poet, impassioned by his imagination of the situation, driven beyond his usual thought into another land.

There is one more thing to say in closing this paper. Browning, unlike Tennyson, did not invent his landscapes. He drew direct from Nature. The landscapes in "Pauline" and "Sordello," and in the lyrical poems are plainly recollections of what he has seen and noted in his memory, from the sweep of the mountainous or oceanic horizon to the lichen on the rock and the painted shell on the sea-shore. Even the imaginative landscape of "Childe Roland" is a memory, not an invention. I do not say he would have been incapable of such invented landscape as we find in "Œnone" or the "Lotus Eaters," but it was not his way to do this. However, he does it once; but he takes pains to show that it is not real landscape he is drawing, but landscape in a picture. In "Gerard de Lairesse," one of the poems in "Parleyings with Certain People," he sets himself to rival the "Walk" in Lairesse's "Art of Painting," and he describes as a background to mythological or historic scenes, five landscapes, here invented, of dawn, morning, and noon, evening, and falling night. They may be compared with the walk in "Pauline," and indeed one of them, with its deep pool watched over by the trees, recalls the same pool in "Pauline." The sight of it must have been a lasting impression of his youth, for it is again touched on in "Sordello." These landscapes are some of his noblest work in natural

description. They begin with the great thunder-storm of dawn in which Prometheus is seen riveted to his rock and the eagle-hound of Zeus beside him. Then the morning is described and the awakening of the earth and Artemis going forth, the huntress-queen and the queen of death. Then the noon is drawn, with Lyda and the Satyr—that sad story—then evening charged with the fates of empires; and then the night, and in it a vast ghost, the ghost of departing glory and beauty. The descriptions are too long to quote, but far too short to read. I would that Browning had done more of this excellent work; but that these were created when he was an old man proves that the fire of imagination burnt in him to the end. They are full of those keen words in which he smites into expression the central point of a landscape. They realize the glory of light, the force, fierceness, even the quiet of Nature, but they have lost a great deal of the color of which once he was so lavish. Nevertheless the whole scheme of color in these pictures, with their figures, recalls to me the pictures of Tintoret. They have his *furia*, his black and gold and sombre purple, his white mist and barred clouds, and the thunder-road in his skies. Nor are Prometheus and Artemis, and Lyda on her heap of skins in the deep woods, unworthy of the daring hand of the great Venetian. They seem to stand forth from his canvas.

The poem closes with a charming lyric, half-sad, half-joyful, in which he hails the spring, and which in itself is full of his heart when it was close to the hopefulness he drew forth from natural beauty. I quote it to close this paper:

Dance, yellows and whites and reds,—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows.

Has America Outgrown Matthew Arnold?

By J. P. MOWBRAY

MR. W. C. BROWNELL'S book, "Victorian Prose Masters,"* is a valuable contribution to our distinctively academic criticism. There is no gainsaying its patient search amid the utterances of the later masters for differentiations of temperament and contrasts of expression. It would be difficult to find among our younger critics another analyst with Mr. Brownell's quick eye for the spiculae of diction, or one who lingers with such honest particularity over the melting shades of unlikeness in the intellectual idiosyncrasies of Carlyle, Thackeray, Meredith, and Arnold. The only reservation that can be made in giving oneself to the pleasure of this book, is that one or two of the illustrious men in the group have already, in the unerring arbitrament of time, invited other judgments than those which are strictly academic. There is less indisposition now to apply to those of them who have gone on before, the vigor and rigor which Mr. Matthew Arnold as a contemporary contemned, and all the more so because one or two of them stepped aside from what was purely academic to lay up for themselves the inevitable judgment of Western vigor and rigor.

Of none of them can this be said with such absolute certainty as of Matthew Arnold himself, of whom there is indubitable evidence in this book—not only in the tenuity of the thought, but in the expression of it—that Mr. Brownell is an ardent admirer.

We shall be pardoned, it is hoped, if this discovery acts as an invitation, and we confine this article to a consideration mainly of Matthew Arnold, going past Mr. Brownell's gracious examination of tissues, not indeed with the same affectionate indulgence, but with at least the same sincerity of conviction, to the larger articulations.

It is doubtful if Mr. Brownell's measurement of Matthew Arnold is at

all commensurate with the perspective that time has furnished, and which has obliterated much of the embellishment which once arrested attention. It is the privilege of the Great Departed to be encompassed with a juster sense of entirety, when the details are lost, and we may well ask ourselves if the best intelligence of our day, groping still, as the best intelligence must, after essentials which make up the man behind all his poses, looking for those larger meanings and their relations to the time and the movements of thought in their time, can possibly be so deeply interested in what is merely technical and academic, as in the purpose and achievement of the worker himself in the greater task of apprehending the truth.

It never was and it never can be of transcendent importance to the world, what it was Matthew Arnold thought about translating Homer. Whatever the delicacy or beauty of that thought, it could not force itself beyond the literary workshop into the needs, the hopes, or the desires of men. Nor is it of precious moment—as Mr. Brownell seems to think it is—that Matthew Arnold remarked of Ruskin that what he was trying to say in prose could be better said in poetry. Neither is it of such charming import to even the scholarly mind of large capacity—as Mr. Brownell thinks it is—that Matthew Arnold in a speech at Eton "wound a wonderful web of suggestiveness about a word."

And yet it may be of some importance, in trying to estimate this illustrious writer, if we can clearly perceive—which Mr. Brownell does not—that he missed, for the most part, the majors in the great syllogisms of life in giving himself, with inimitable perspicuity, to the weaving of wonderful webs about words, and, as it were, decorating the largest peaks of our outlook with a tender smilax of his own.

Matthew Arnold belonged to a group of geniuses who, early in the nineteenth

* "Victorian Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

century, carried Doubt on elegant shoulders to entirely new ground, and made it at once respectable and brilliant.

Of all that group of doubters—a group which included Mill and Maurice and Robertson and Sterling, and covered a fecund era from 1820 to 1853, when Arnold gave to the world what was called his "Divine Despair" in his first book of poems,—of all those men of letters, Carlyle remains to us the most leonine, still shaking his tawny mane in literature and thundering along the trackless reaches of his Eternities. Some of his sentences have the poise and the power of the ruthless uplifted paw. His vocabulary moves at times with crashing tread among the peat bogs of this Drumclog moss of a world, and those of us who still remember how we cried "Boo" in our early darks, shrink a little yet when he is "a-lashing of his tail."

What the later student observes with interest is, that when the sky of Faith was murkiest and the God-given oracles were resolving themselves in abysses that darkened the world below to a "Stygian pool," there arose two lambent stars over the scene. There was only one year intervening between the birth of Matthew Arnold and the birth of Joseph Ernest Renan. Perhaps the stars were not of the same magnitude, but the later spectrums have shown them to be composed of the same material, and, although one rose above St. Sulpice and the other above Oxford, they both reached the same zenith and both scintillated with the same "divine despair."

Mr. Brownell has not observed the twinship of ascension, or the consanguinity of Sweetness and Light. But that of which he was not conscious, his pen unwittingly declares. He says of Matthew Arnold: "His defects of quality are due to an excess of the dilettante spirit of playfulness to which we owe very much that is acutely charming in his writings," and this characterization fits either author with equal appropriateness. It is true enough that it can only be matched by the candor of another order of gour-

mand, who acknowledges that the defect of *pâté de foie gras* is a certain disease to which we owe the delightful piquancy of that product, but the admission nevertheless enables us to trace the enlarged acumen up to what will inevitably prove to be an enlarged liver.

Did Arnold and Renan carry the spirit of playfulness into the most august themes? Let their inimitable defects answer. They both captured and brought back to their respective studios the historic Jesus, and there posed him in the esthetic radiance that they had both patented. "Le Docteur Charmante," exclaimed the polite Frenchman, as he arranged his subject in a warm sensuous light. The indomitable gayety of heart of this artist was proof even against the tears of Jesus' agony. "He is thinking," said M. Renan, "of the charming girls of Galilee."

"Sweet reasonableness with a secret," cries the English artist, as he throws the Oxford plenum over his model. "At last we have an intuition without an imperative. How debonair!"

It ought to be sufficiently obvious here that whatever may have been, and still is, the spiritual significance of Jesus, he cannot be judged adequately and historically by his textures and tints, but must be measured by the sweep of his mission and the indubitable answer of the race to its cogency. Here it is that we must weigh Matthew Arnold's abilities against the measureless dimensions of his subject, and ask ourselves if the abnegation of the philosophic and scientific spirit in favor of a charming playfulness does not rule him out of the category of exegetical and dialectic experts.

The conclusion is not perhaps in exact accordance with Mr. Brownell's dictum that Matthew Arnold "had the defects of a quality." There is a possibility that his defects were those of a quantity. Nor does it help matters to follow Matthew Arnold from the human Jesus to what he calls "The Eternal." The impression deepens as we read, that this inimitable artist is bent, not so much upon bringing the

Infinite down to finite comprehension, as upon bringing dilettantism up to an equality with God. His playfulness in this Sisyphean task nowhere reaches Renan's gayety of heart, for Renan in his happiest moment formulated a prayer to "My Father, the Abyss"; but it is sufficiently plain that the joyousness of Mr. Arnold's defects is wholly unable to measure the historic factors or to apprehend the significance of events themselves, which in the course of time press upon and break down all the filaments of mere rationalization. One sees that playfulness, in annotating the Christ, utterly lost the heart-beat which reshaped the world, and in paraphrasing the Deity, robbed Him of the only authority that had turned man's helplessness upward.

So we say of Matthew Arnold that his defects were of a quantity. He postulated a negation, the "Not me" that made for something, and he spun out of himself a web of suggestiveness about the words. The quantitative deficiency is not in industry, but in vision. His eye had many facets but no accommodation to facts, and, like the vision of the hymenoptera, saw large things in small duplications. Let us not disparage this gift, of which we can see many delightful intimations in Mr. Brownell himself. In the divine ordinances it is benignly provided that the *Apis mellifica* shall "gather honey all the day from every opening flower," and it is allowable to believe that the playfulness with which these amiable insects are provided, is accompanied by a perspicacity that enables them to determine in what respect the limpidity of this nectar exceeds the lucidity of that syrup. These infinitesimal talents, let us honestly acknowledge, are, to our duller senses, simply transcendental.

That Matthew Arnold possessed this optical advantage and never hesitated to use it, is a safe induction from any careful observation of the many instances he has himself furnished. He was contemporaneous with several momentous events, so large and so inwrought with the progress of civiliza-

tion that they could not be excluded from the recognition of a literary man. Two of them may be mentioned: the Evangelical movement in England and the War of Secession in America. His treatment of them, like his treatment of miracles, is what Mr. Brownell calls "Olympian." That is to say, he was superior to them. Of that vast religious movement in England which began with Wesley and ultimately affected the whole Anglican Church and to a large extent determined the religious character of the United States, he has no other clear concept than is produced on his mind by "Stiggins." He does not see that the democratic spirit was in it, that it was inevitable, and that to its energizing influence one must ascribe the missionary societies, the Bible and tract societies, and the liberalizing movement of the Broad Church. What he *does* see is Mr. Chadband, and what he hears is nasal and vulgar. Invariably the vibration of anything that is epochal shrinks his apprehensive faculties to the smallest point of contact, and in this respect he is the very mimosa of that flowering era. This susceptibility is not—as he says of Heine's—"intemperate." It is only tiny. We can see that instead of being aggressive, it is retiring and shuddering, by re-reading his essay on "The Function of Criticism," much of which passes unchallenged in its web of words, until we come to an encounter with the practical and political Mr. Roebuck, who had declared that "our old Saxon breed is the best in the world." Ordinarily, such a declaration will not raise the quills upon the back of any person who is east of St. George's Channel, and for our part we see no reason why it should. But Mr. Arnold reads to Mr. Roebuck a paragraph from the morning newspaper, narrating how a girl named Wragg has killed her illegitimate child in the workhouse. One immediately feels that the heart of the man has been touched, and that no race can be the best in which it is possible for a mother to kill her child in distress. Nothing of the sort. Mr. Arnold's sensibilities have been bruised by the name of Wragg. "How," he asks,

"can any stock be the best which permits the growth among us of such hideous names. In Ionia and Attica they were luckier than the best race. By the Ilissus there was no Wragg." Had the victim in this incident been named Artemis or Cybele, Mr. Arnold, we may believe, would have felt more kindly disposed toward the Saxons. Such an example throws a distinct light upon Mr. Brownell's remark about "weaving suggestiveness about a word."

A citation like this may appear to be unjust and petty, and so it would be if it were a solitary example of Arnold's dilettantism. But instead of being a solitary example it reverberates itself again and again through all his work, showing us continually the singular tendency of his mind, when confronted with a definite concept or event, to seek for and rest upon the most unessential segment of it. The incident is thus a root incident, so firmly imbedded in the mentality of Mr. Arnold, that when we have once clutched it, we can feel our way safely to the very flower of his playfulness. We are enabled by it to see why, when the subject of the Pilgrim Fathers is presented to his mind, he ignores the chain of events which depended upon their voyage, and asks himself what kind of company would these psalm-singing yokels in their cabin have been for Shakespeare. But more helpful still is it, in making clear to us the remarkable hymenopterous vision when it was brought face to face with that other great event of which we have spoken. Mr. Arnold came to this country when "we were carrying out our dead," and his observations were published in a little book entitled "Civilization in the United States." No one who reads that book and has no other information on the subject will suspect that the United States was passing through a crisis, the magnitude and importance of which, it is no stretch of rhetoric to say, were making the Seignories of the world hold their breath. As to the forces of civilization which had brought about that crisis and had compacted thirty millions of freemen into sudden determined patriots, there is not a word.

Of the heroism, the sacrifice, and the indomitable strength, Mr. Arnold appears to be wholly ignorant. Of the man of the people, who, it now seems to us, was directed by an unseen hand behind events, and who laid his heavy burden down in his own blood at the end of it all, Matthew Arnold speaks with guarded disdain. He saw only a furrowed face and ill-fitting clothes, and he said of him, "He is not distinguished." (It is true, he had already said this of Washington, who fell short in this respect, for he was "not as distinguished as Pericles or Cæsar.") Of the country itself he came to the conclusion, after noting that it called its towns Briggsvilles and Higginsvilles, that whatever else it might be it was not interesting, "and here," he says, "is the extraordinary charm of the old Greek civilization—it is so interesting." A great pity, we might say, that Matthew Arnold did not have a personal interview with Abraham Lincoln. One feels almost sure that the man of the people, who had a large fund of playfulness himself, would have worn a toga on that occasion.

Doubtless much that Matthew Arnold said about the United States is true enough, but he did not say it of that which is most worthy of observation in the United States, and in uttering his infinitesimal criticisms left unemployed the judgment which should encompass great truths. We may not blame him for measuring the vital forces of a continent with the Oxford meter, seeing that he had no other, nor yet with holding with brave insularity to the conviction that Democracy is a "malady" that furnishes "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized," for it requires more than one lifetime to inoculate an Oxford man with the truth that to furnish classes is the one duty which America has foregone. We may safely leave the sanity of such criticism to the arbitrament of common-sense which is furnished with the light of events that have occurred since Matthew Arnold wrote, and ask with some reluctance if a mind thus enfeebled by narrowness of vision will be

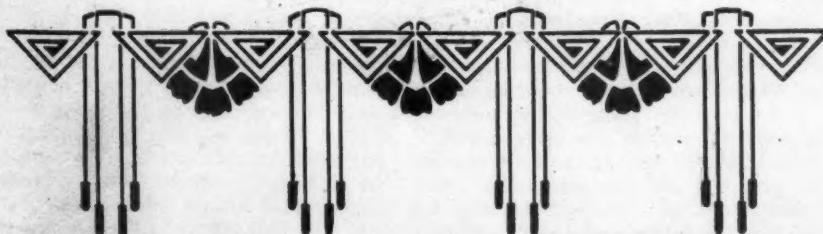
able to look away from the measurable things of external life to the farther reaches of a spiritual life with adequate perception. In reply to this question we are met in "God and the Bible" and "Literature and Dogma" with the same minimizing faculties at work, which gave such a charm of playfulness to "Civilization in America."

It does not fall within the scope of this article to traverse the verbal felicities with which Matthew Arnold transferred Theism from a Person to a Power. It is sufficient to say that modern scholarship has detected in this a return, not to the Johannine Logos, but to the Neo-Platonism which sought refuge from its doubts in a contradictory abstraction with a dynamic impulse. Common-sense is very apt, in seeking to disentangle Matthew Arnold's web of suggestiveness about the "Not me," to arrive at the conclusion that Arnold found God as uninteresting as he found America, and set his etymology to work to reconstruct the Deity more in accordance with literary taste. He set out to prove that the Bible was literature, and he left God and religion little else. God was evidently not distinguished, and we are tempted to say that, while Carlyle in his criticism appeared to hate everything that was distinguished, Matthew Arnold, on the other hand, in a much more placid way, hated everything that was not. It never occurred to him that in declaring his negation to be verifiable he was breasting the very stream of tendency that he had provided, for by the historic evidence the Christian impulse has unswervingly moved along the conception of a

personal Deity capable of manifesting Himself in the flesh.

But here we are warned to return to the playfulness which we are assured furnishes the sufficient charm to Matthew Arnold's excursus, and, in spite of what may appear to be our animadversions, we are compelled to acknowledge that no one, with the single exception of M. Renan, has carried etymological frolicsomeness so far into the shoreless leagues of our finite helplessness as Matthew Arnold. We shall always feel that he is more Pontifical than Olympian, and that he pieced out godlike apprehension with finite infallibility and British humor. Witness his travesty of the Trinity, which he calls "the three Lord Shaftesburys." Recall his prestidigitation with the word "Aberglaube." How nimbly it pops up as antithesis, solution, warning, and finality! Abracadabra might have been just as picturesque, but that is in the English dictionary and lacks somewhat of German distinction. Mr. Arnold's use of the German word is vivacious. Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?—Aberglaube. Finding, following, keeping, struggling, is He sure to bless?—Aberglaube.

We may say, therefore, in conclusion that Matthew Arnold has won his place on our library shelves by sheer nimbleness of faculty. Nor shall we hesitate to concede to him, and to the illustrious French humorist who was his contemporary, a constructive gaiety of heart, for they have left us a new Lord's Prayer, instinct with a vivacious negation, and it begins thus: "Our Father which art unknowable, paraphrased be Thy name."





MR. MORTIMER MENPES
(Sketched by himself. Courtesy of *The Magazine of Art*)



A JAPANESE WATERWAY
(Sketched by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, for *The International Studio*)

Mr. Menpes, Mr. Whistler, and Certain Etchings

By CHRISTIAN BRINTON

MO CONTEMPORARY artist is more inquisitive or more versatile than Mr. Mortimer Menpes, R.I., R.E., F.R. G.S. For over a dozen years this inventive antipode has attacked, annually, some fresh phase of graphic expression. The globe is his sketching ground, and his manner is as varied as his choice of subject. A list of Mr. Menpes's habitual mediums includes painting in oils, in water-colors, and on ivory, etching in black and in colors, drypoint, lithography, pastel, and drawing with pen, pencil, or stump. His field of operations covers France, Italy, Spain, Morocco, Japan, India, Burmah, Cashmere, Mexico, and South Africa, not, of course, forgetting Mayfair. He has held more one-man exhibitions than any artist of his day, and each has revealed a supple, eclectic talent and a sheer genius for combining that which is novel with that which is aesthetically valid.

This irrepressible being, who is by turns painter, author, raconteur, and crack rifle-shot, was born, somewhat unpropitiously for art, in Australia. Yet according to his explicit confession, he became an artist during the first year of his life. From the grammar school at Port Adelaide he gravitated to the South Kensington Art School, where he studied in a desultory fashion and without definite

promise. His true student days were spent in observing and experimenting on his own account at Pont-Aven in Brittany. His art is unacademic and he, as an artist, is practically self-taught. During his restless, questing career he can be said to have had but one preceptor—Mr. Whistler. This association gave him independence of vision and surety of handling; it helped him toward confidence and conviction, and, quite incidentally, it resulted in certain etchings.

Before this period Mr. Whistler had already perfected that clairvoyance which is responsible for so many insinuating nocturnes and symphonies, so many negligent yet masterly copperplates. He was—WHISTLER. The influence of Whistler, The Magnificent Innovator, Whistler, The Master, as he consolingly calls himself, gave just the needed fillip to Mr. Menpes's maturing talent. In certain regards the men were not unlike. Each possessed ample individuality, and each abominated convention. They had both come to London from the uttermost parts of the earth, and both relished setting London by the ears.

These etchings, which are by no means the least legacy of this friendship, are something in the way of an informal tribute. In all humility they were not intended for publication, a detail which makes them doubly

enticing. Only a limited number of proofs have been struck off and this is the first time they confront the general gaze. Mr. Whistler has here been jotted down with touching frequency and disturbing variety. Considering the medium, the precision and freedom of these sketches are little short of astonishing. The Master has been made to seem quite as he is, now affable, now arrogant,—mountebank and matchless craftsman, practical joker and apostle of a new, direct, and subtle way of transcribing that which is here beside you in the dim music-room or there along the rambling water-front. Mr. Menpes has recorded with insight and with technical felicity this baffling creature, this master of many gentle arts. The plates are not equally infectious, and the needle fails here and there to convey definite suggestion, but the set as a whole shows The Master much as he might have perpetrated himself, monocle, white lock, and all.

The etched portrait by Mr. Menpes does not differ as to inception from the Menpes portrait in any other medium, or even from the Menpes landscape, street scene, or water-way in Venice, or in Japan. Mr. Menpes aims to secure variety, yet in this unceasing search for variety are manifest certain constant, uniform qualities. Few artists have busied themselves more with craftsmanship; his methods are complicated and unusual, and each disclosure of his work marks a fresh departure, and records a new discovery. From his initial exhibition, Mr. Menpes has sustained an almost disconcerting reputation for novelty of theme and independence of treatment. By a systematic study of pigments and handling he has managed to produce effects which are both audacious and legitimate. The decorative

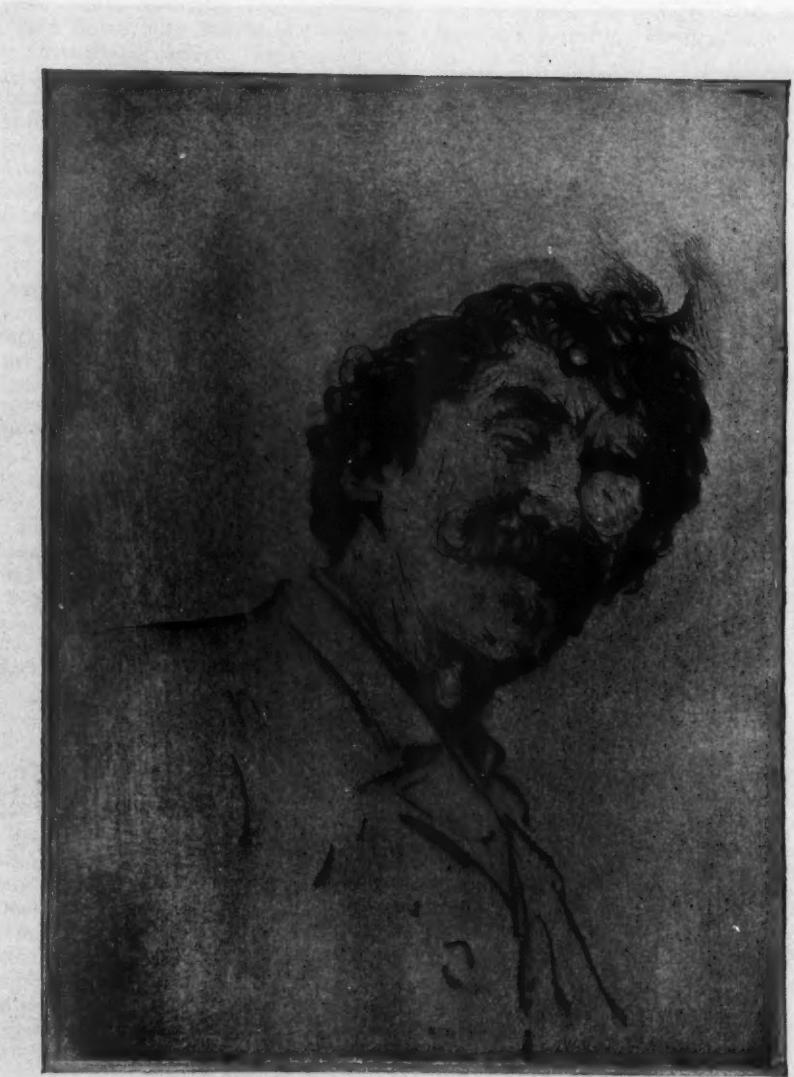
patterns which are the essence of Japanese life and art, the shimmer of Indian heat or the sumptuous blaze of Mexican color he reflects with characteristic ingenuity. He is equally facile as "War Artist" in South Africa or as painter of delicate and refined portraits in his London studio. Quite recently he devoted himself to etching in color, and of course has invented a new and successful method of printing etched plates in color without any sacrifice of the essential line quality. It is just possible that Mr. Menpes may essay sculpture; if so, he will surpass the sturdy majesty of the Colleoni.

Naturally, this versatile man lives in a versatile house and has a versatile daughter. No. 25 Cadogan Gardens is an echo of far Nippon, "a gold house," he calls it, "with a lace-work of delicate wood-carving on the gold." It is in Mayfair, but might be nestling under the shadow of Fusi-Yama. The daughter, Miss Dorothy Menpes, is known as the youngest authoress in England, and is also an artist. Mr. Menpes receives his guests in a blue and white kimono and conducts them with zest over the house, each room of which is dedicated to a different flower, the camellia motif being used in the studio, the peony in the drawing-room, the cherry blossom in the dining-room, and in the hallways the chrysanthemum. It is all very exquisite and very volatile, and yet it seems doubtful whether such flexible sympathies can foster enduring results. Perhaps it is better, after all, to see fewer things and to see them more intensely, to express less and to express it with deeper conviction. But such questions are a trifle cumbersome. And besides, Mr. Whistler smiles persuasively from the opposite page.





MR. WHISTLER—LÆTUS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppe & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — AFFABILIS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — ARROGANS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — DUPLEX
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — MULTIPLEX
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppe & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — COGITANS
After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
(Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — DIVISUS
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



MR. WHISTLER — *LÉTISSIMUS*
(After the etching by Mr. Mortimer Menpes.
Courtesy of Messrs. F. Keppel & Co.)



VIEW OF RAVENNA

Paolo and Francesca in History and Literature

By GERTRUDE URBAN



SEAL OF GUIDO DA POLENTE

in 1300 to the present day, their memories have been kept green by the poet, the painter, the dramatist, and the historian; and the present general manifestation of interest in them is no doubt due to the increasing renown of Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," to Otis Skinner's excellent production of Boker's version of their story, and to the new versions by Marion Crawford and d'Annunzio.

A glance at the various tributes these

FOR six hundred years the hearts of succeeding generations have been stirred to deepest emotion by the tragic tale of the Rimini lovers. Since Dante first spoke of them

lovers have inspired will reveal their dramatic richness. To go directly to the fountainhead, we turn to Canto V. of the "Inferno." Dante, dazed with pity for this "jointly moving twain," invites them to discourse with him. Francesca speaks her gratitude for his pity and then relates her story.

My native land is seated by the sea
Upon that shore to which the Po descends
To be at peace, his followers and he.
Love, that from loving will no loved one spare,
Seized me with pleasure from this man so strong
That, as thou seest, my heart still feels it there.
Love brought us to endure one same death's wrong.
Caina waits him who our lifeblood shed.

When Dante asks, "By what and how did love concede you this?" she says:

We for delight were reading on a day
Of Lancelot, how love of him made prize.
Alone we were, suspicion far away.
For many times that reading traced our eyes
And made the color from our faces flee.

Courtesy of Messrs. F. Kappel & Co.

DIPYCH : PAOLO AND FRANCESCA DA RIMINI
(After the painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti)

Photo by Holzer
46



Paolo and Francesca in History and Literature 427

But one sole instant took us by surprise
When we read how the smile he yearned to see
Was by the lips of such a lover sought,
This one, who never shall be torn from me,
His own kiss to my lips all trembling brought.

After Dante, the first mention made of this incident is found in a Latin chronicle dated 1354, which briefly states that the lovers were murdered by the deceived husband. Another chronicle of a few years later makes the same brief statement concerning them.

Petrarch, in his "Triumph of Love," speaks of them as

The pair
Who, as they walk together, seem to 'plain
Their just but cruel fate, by one hand slain.

It is to Boccaccio, however, that we are indebted for the first detailed account of the affair. It was given in a series of lectures delivered nearly a century after the occurrence of the tragedy.

Francesca, daughter of Guido di Lamberti di Polenta, lord of Ravenna, and partisan of the pope, was given in



SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF FRANCESCA DA RIMINI

marriage to Giovanni, son of Malatesta da Verrucchio, lord of Rimini. The marriage was made to establish peace between the two families, which had suffered through many bitter quarrels.

Giovanni, or Gianciotto (Lame John), as he was commonly called, was very unprepossessing in appearance, and for this reason his handsome, dashing young brother Paolo was sent to Ravenna to sign the marriage contract and to conduct the bride to Rimini.

Francesca believed Paolo to be her husband, not knowing that he had been sent as his brother's deputy. When she learned the truth, it was too late; her love for Paolo had by then kindled into a blaze.

Paolo was already married, having, for political reasons, been obliged to contract a marriage when a mere youth of sixteen.

When the tragedy occurred, in 1285, Francesca had been the wife of Giovanni for ten years, and the mother of his daughter.



DANTE

(After the portrait by Stefano Tofanelli)



TEMPLE OF THE MALATESTI, RIMINI

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From the painting by Deully)

Giovanni, arriving home unexpectedly one day, was informed by a servant that Paolo was in Francesca's chamber. He found that Paolo, leaving the room by another door, had caught his cloak on a hook and was unable to escape. In a jealous rage he aimed a vigorous blow at him with his sword. Francesca intervened, and the blow which was meant for Paolo killed her instantly. The maddened Giovanni quickly slew his brother too, and then returned to the camp and resumed his place at the head of his soldiers. Paolo and Francesca were buried in one grave.

Boccaccio believed that Dante had no positive knowledge of Francesca's guilt, and that his assumption of this was without foundation. He himself believed her to have been innocent.

Jerome Rossi, in the sixteenth century, also chronicles the event in his "History of Ravenna."

In 1611, Tassoni, in his "Rape of the Bucket," devotes some two-score lines to the lovers. He says of Paolo:

The more he sought to fly the luscious bane
The firmer he was bound, the deeper stung :

Paolo and Francesca in History and Literature 429

His furious passion mastered reason quite,
And counsel then was useless in his sight.

The early half of the nineteenth century brought forth two important liter-

of Rimini" containing about eighteen hundred lines. The details, though of small consequence, are at variance with tradition, and therefore interesting.



Photo by Hollyer

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

(From the painting by Rossetti)

Courtesy of F. Keppel & Co.

ary productions with this incident for theme.

Leigh Hunt was the first to make it the subject of a long poem, his "Story

His Giovanni enlists little sympathy, being a man of ill-tempered pride and selfish sullenness. He was not a cripple, but "a handsome man, able if he



"THE DEATH OF PAOLO AND FRANCESCA"
(From the painting by Alexandre Cabanel)

chose, to please." This deprives him of the tenderness one feels for the afflictions of the traditional Gianciotto.

According to Hunt, Giovanni sought his brother on the tilting-ground, a few months after the marriage.

"Say then, sir, if you can," continued he,—
"One word will do,—you have not injured me."

Paolo made no answer. Then they fought, the one to wound, the other to prevent, till Paolo fell on his sword, dying instantly. They carried him to Francesca's chamber. She looked down upon him for a few moments, and then fell dead beside him. They were buried in one grave by the grief-stricken Giovanni, who vowed they should never again be parted.

The theme received its first dramatic setting by Silvio Pellico, the Italian poet and patriot. What impresses one most in his production is the wealth of tenderness and pity that pervades its pages.

Lanciotto gently chides Francesca for her increasing coldness to him, which he thinks is due to the fact that Paolo has killed her only brother in battle. He tells her that Paolo is on his way to them and begs her to receive him. Francesca, however, declares her intention of returning to Ravenna with her father. Her chief reason for wishing to avoid Paolo is the secret love which has smouldered within her since a time, years before, when she caught a passing glimpse of him at her father's court.

Paolo knew nothing of his brother's marriage, and he sees with anguish that the wife is the woman he himself has loved in secret for many years. They meet and confess their love. It is a lofty, reverential love. But Lanciotto, who loves his wife madly, overhears the confession, and in a frenzy of rage kills them both.

In Martin Grief's German drama Lanciotto is depicted as a cruel tyrant. Ravenna, in dire distress through the

long wars with Rimini, is about to sue for peace, when a message comes from Lanciotto promising amity if Francesca's hand be given him in marriage. To save the state from ruin, she consents and accompanies Paolo, who is the messenger.

It is on the way to Rimini that their love bursts into bloom, and when they arrive there they confess it to Lanciotto. He scornfully refuses to pardon the liberty they have taken, and offers Francesca release only on condition that she promise to refrain from marrying his brother. The plans for peace are to be annulled at her release.

For the sake of Ravenna she consents to marry him. The ceremony is scarcely over when the two brothers draw their swords in an angry quarrel. The aged father dies from the excitement of their combat. This immediately sobers Paolo and, to a lesser degree, Lanciotto. As his father's successor, Lanciotto banishes his brother from Rimini. Paolo returns, however, to look once more upon the woman he

loves. He finds her alone, deplored by her haplessness. At the sight of his misery she casts aside her discretion and allows him to embrace her for the first and last time. At this moment Lanciotto is led into the room by a revengeful noble of the court, who hates him for a wrong received at his hands.

Lanciotto kills the lovers just as the aged parents arrive from Ravenna to visit their beloved daughter. Amid the grief and terror that ensues, comes the joyful news that the tyrannical Lanciotto has been deposed.

George Boker was the first American to retell the tale. He has done it well, bringing to light all its dramatic consequence. The critical find fault with the choice of words and the lack of atmosphere, but as an acting drama it has called forth high praise. A lofty tone pervades the book, exciting esteem and sympathy for each individual character, from Paolo and Francesca to Pepe, the court fool.

Contrary to authentic records, however, the author declares Polenta to be



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From the painting by Ary Scheffer)



BOCCACCIO
(From the portrait by Andrea del Castagno)

an ally, not of the Guelfs, but of the Ghibellines. To secure peace Francesca is promised in marriage to Lanciotto, leader of the Guelfs. Because Lanciotto, a man of exalted honor, is unwilling to force a reluctant bride into a marriage with one so deformed as he, and because the Guelfs fear the Ghibellines might seize their leader, the young Paolo is sent to Ravenna to explain the situation.

The patriotic girl, willing to sacrifice herself for her home, accompanies him to Rimini. Paolo and Francesca realize the depth of their love for each other before the marriage takes place. They

struggle fiercely to subdue it and to obey the lofty promptings within them, but in vain.

The noble Lanciotto, wounded by the coldness Francesca cannot conceal, offers to release her and at the same time to keep the peace with Ravenna. Her father, however, suspects him of treachery and implants his mistrust in his daughter. Paolo, too, urges the marriage, for he realizes Lanciotto's deep love for Francesca, and knows what bitter anguish her loss will cost him; and so this ill-mated pair are joined in wedlock.

The marriage rites are scarcely over when Lanciotto leaves to subdue an uprising of the Ghibellines, and it is in his absence that their love develops into the passion which finally overpowers them. They are betrayed by the court jester, an embittered man with yearnings for a life of dignity and

honor. Once, in a resentful mood, he had taunted Lanciotto so cruelly that the latter tore the cap from his head—that deadliest insult to a jester. Not long after, he comes upon Paolo making love to Francesca. He remembers his insult and straightway hurries to Lanciotto's camp and tells him of the tender relations between his wife and his brother. Lanciotto kills him for a base betrayer and then gallops to Rimini to dispel his doubts, for he does not fully believe the jester's tale.

He finds them in each other's arms. He implores them to deny their guilt, but they cannot; he begs Paolo to kill



DRAWING BY BONAVENTURA GARELLI FOR DANTE, CANTO V.

him, but Paolo will not; to goad him to it he stabs Francesca, but to no avail. Paolo raises his dagger to strike, but conscience and love for Lanciotto stay the blow. Lanciotto feels there is nothing left him but to kill Paolo and then himself.

A valuable addition to this noble list is Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca." Though written in 1898, its presentation upon the boards was deferred until February, 1902; thus with the new versions by Crawford and d'Annunzio, it revives the interest in this immortal story.

The young girl, fresh from the convent, marries Giovanni to please her father. Her soldier husband is soon obliged to leave her, and he consigns her to the care of Paolo, friend as well as brother.

Paolo, already enamored of the fair Francesca, seeks to avoid her and pleads duties of his own. But Giovanni commands him to stay. Francesca is very young, and Paolo's passion is very great—the result is inevitable. Paolo finally leaves Rimini to save his honor; he even buys a deadly potion to end his misery, but before the walls of Rimini fade from view and before the potion has been imbibed, some invincible power lures him back to Francesca's side.

The dominating idea in this interpretation seems to be evolved from the Dantescan line:

Love . . . from loving will no loved one spare.

The fatality of their love and the unavoidable catastrophe are apparent from the first. Giovanni himself tells the whole story in one brief line:

Unwillingly
They loved, unwillingly I slew them.

The d'Annunzio version is based entirely on Boccaccio's. As a drama, it was pronounced a failure at first, but later was received with favor. While it gives a remarkably vivid and accurate picture of the times, it has been constructed with little regard for the technicalities of the stage. From the first scene to the last, blows fall thick and fast, and blood runs freely in a manner characteristically mediæval.

The play opens with a rude combat between Francesca's brother, Ostasio, and the bastard brother, Bannini. This is followed by a scene of comparative suavity.

Francesca in confidence tells her sister of a presentiment that she will leave her father's house never to return. She has scarcely spoken the words when Paolo appears, and the two meet for

the first time. Then follows the betrothal. Francesca does not realize that the handsome Paolo is merely his brother's ambassador, and looks upon him as her future husband. She accompanies him to Rimini and the cruel disillusion is deferred until her arrival.

During the civil wars, while the fighting is going on from the tower of the Malatesta castle, Francesca appears to watch the combat. Paolo asks her forgiveness and offers to do her bidding at any cost. To heal her pride, perhaps, or to display indifference, she makes a request for his helmet, that is to say, she requests him to expose himself in the conflict without protection. When he complies, however, and receives a wound, she realizes the full depth of her feeling for him and prays over him with fervor. Later, when a merchant is brought in to her to display his wares, he speaks occasionally of Paolo, whom he has met in Florence. This causes her so much embarrassment that at every mention of Paolo's name she buys profusely of the merchant's wares. She is no longer in doubt as to her love for her husband's brother, and when he returns she receives him with open arms.

Malatestino, the One-Eyed, a youth

of evil repute, betrays the infatuated pair. Giovanni knocks at his wife's door. Francesca very slowly proceeds to unlock it, to allow Paolo to escape by a secret trap-door. She finally admits her husband, unaware that Paolo's clothing has caught on a hook and is holding him a prisoner. When the infuriated husband raises his poignard, Francesca throws herself between them and receives the blow.

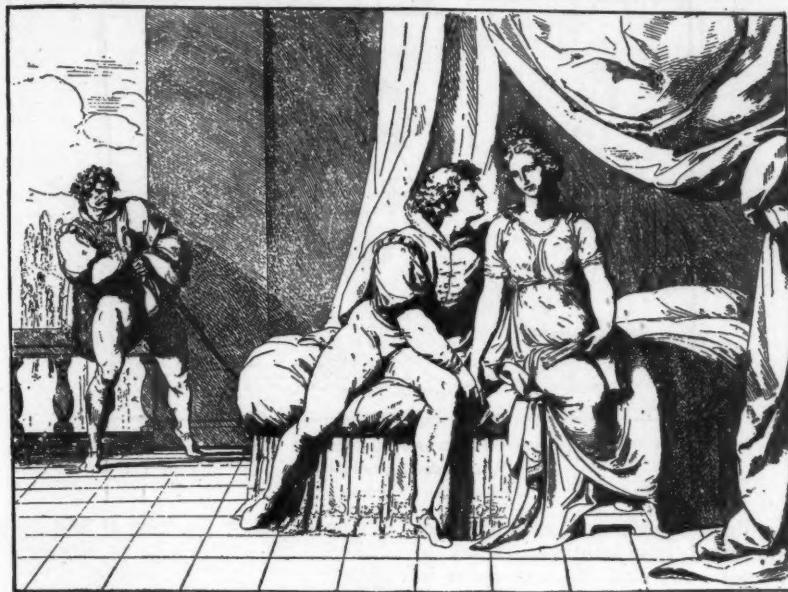
The last and most accurate retelling of this tale is that by Marion Crawford, which was written for Mme. Sarah Bernhardt.

There is the usual wedding by proxy in the first scene. Francesca is shamefully tricked into the marriage and later in the play lets loose the fury of her resentment. Giovanni begs her to forget the deceit. She answers bitterly:

"Never, while my eyes can see you and my ears can hear your voice. Forget! Rivers of tears could not wash the memory clean; the flood of all eternal time could not drown it. It will live beyond ages and worlds, till I can lay my wrong at the foot of God's throne in heaven or take it with me to a hell less hopeless than this earthly life. Forget! Forget that I was sold like a slave, cheated like a child, outraged like the last of women! Forget that when the bargain was struck between your father and mine, they sent your brother in your



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(After the original drawing by Luigi Sabatelli)



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(After an engraving by G. Sabatelli)

stead—as like a god as you are like a devil—to stand for you at the altar!"

The time of action covers fifteen years (though the date of the tragedy is usually accepted as 1285: a few declare it to be 1289). Francesca's daughter Concordia unwittingly discloses the state of affairs and brings about the catastrophe.

The deception by which Francesca was lured into the marriage is so heartless that her passion for Paolo seems unfortunate rather than wrong; and Giovanni, too, receives sympathy because of his long years of unreciprocated love. He lives on with the hope that time may soften her heart toward him, but with her last breath she scorns him.

She drags herself to Paolo's side after they have both been stabbed, and cries exultingly:

"Look! Look! This is what you have asked in vain and I have refused—what you have longed for day and night—what you shall never have of me—look well! The kiss of love—supreme—eternal—true."

Many of these versions deviate somewhat from tradition, but in every case the vital love story is the same that Dante told more than six centuries ago. All but the last three appeared before 1883. Up to that time the details of the incident had never been accepted with full confidence, many students holding Boccaccio unreliable. Absolute authority on some points is now assured, for in 1883 M. Charles Yriarte went to Rimini to examine the records. The following year he gave the world the result of his research.

He found Boccaccio's version nearly correct. Francesca was born between 1255 and 1260; Giovanni about 1248; Paolo about 1253; the marriage took place in 1275 and the murder in 1285. The reason given for the marriage was that Francesca had been promised to Giovanni as a reward for the assistance he had given Polenta in subduing the Ghibellines. She was betrothed by proxy in Ravenna and married in Rimini. She lived with Giovanni for ten years and bore him a daughter.



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(After a drawing by Flaxman)

The child was named Concordia, after the paternal grandmother. Much of Francesca's married life was spent in Pesaro, where Giovanni was chief, his father ruling in Rimini. Giovanni found the lovers alone together one day and killed them instantly.

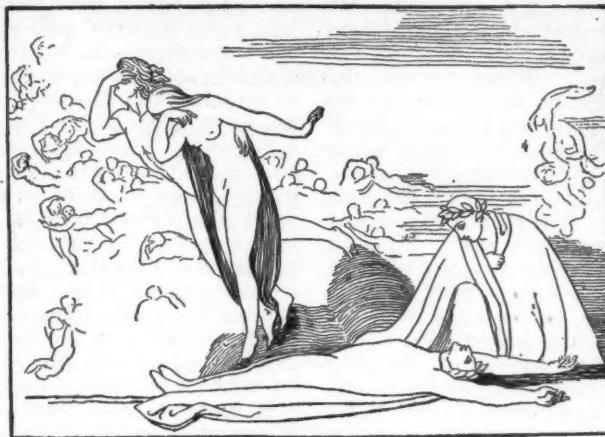
Paolo had been married in 1269 to Orabile Beatrice, daughter of Uberto, Count of Chiaggioli. His marriage was made to strengthen the family claim on a certain disputed territory. Alberto, the elder of his two sons, was murdered years after by his [Paolo's] youngest brother, Pandolfo, who feared he might usurp the throne.

M. Yriarte agrees with Tonini, the historian, that the murder must have taken place in Rimini, very likely in the fortress known to-day as the Rocca Malatestiana. It is said, however, that Marion Crawford has discovered beyond a doubt that the Castle of Verrucchio was the scene of the tragedy. It certainly was not the Temple Malatestiana, which is visited by thousands each year, for that was first begun in the fifteenth century by the great Sigismondo.

Most of the early chroniclers agree that the lovers were buried in one grave. M. Yriarte quotes from an old document, printed in 1581, and signed by Giovanni da Sascorbaro:

A few days ago in the church of Saint Augustin in Rimini, they found in a marble sepulchre Paolo Malatesta and Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, lord of Ravenna, who were put to death by Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, lord of Rimini, brother of said Paolo, found under the accomplishment of a dishonest deed, and both miserably killed with the blows of a poignard, as Petrarch describes in his "Triumph of Love." Their clothes were of silk, and although they had been shut up in this sepulchre for so many years, they were found in a perfect state of preservation.

There is in Rimini to-day a piece of silk, tissued with gold, that, though it cannot be proved to be genuine, is looked upon as a relic of the unfortunate pair. In 1216, the powerful Malatesti, called the Wrongheads, assumed the rule of Rimini. Giovanni's grandfather was the first to rule, but his father, who lived a full century, has always been considered the real founder of the dynasty. He received his name, Malatesta da Verrucchio, from Verrucchio, a fortress of the race and the seat of many military crimes. He had four sons, Giovanni, called, not Lanciotto, but Lianciotto or Sciancato (the cripple), Paolo the beautiful, Malatestino the One-Eyed, and Pandolfo. Giovanni died in 1304 and was succeeded by Malatestino, who in turn was succeeded by Pandolfo.



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA
(From a drawing by Flaxman)

The history of these Malatesti [says the late J. A. Symonds], from their establishment under Otto III. as lieutenants for the empire in the Marches of Ancona, down to their final subjugation by the papacy in the age of the Renaissance, is made up of all the vicissitudes which could befall a mediæval Italian despotism. Acquiring an unlawful right over the towns of Rimini, Cesena, Sogliano, Ghiacciuolo, they ruled their petty principalities like tyrants by the help of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions, inclining to the one or to the other as it suited their humor or their interest, wrangling among themselves, transmitting the succession of their dynasty through bastards and by deeds of force, quarrelling with their neighbors, the Counts

of Urbino, alternately defying and submitting to the papal legates in Romagna, serving as *condottieri* in the wars of the Visconti and the state of Venice, and by their restlessness and genius for military intrigues contributed in no slight measure to the general disturbance of Italy. The Malatesti were a race of strongly marked character; more, perhaps, than any other house of Italian tyrants; they combined for generations those qualities of the fox and the lion which Machiavelli thought indispensable to a successful despot.

Rimini is a very ancient town. It is situated on the river Marecchia, in ancient times called the Ariminum, from which it derived its present name. The famous Rubicon flows a little to the northeast. A bridge built by Augustus and completed by Tiberius, a square where Cæsar addressed his troops, and a square where St. Anthony of Padua preached are among its antiquities.

The Polenta family, though an old one, did not reign in Ravenna till 1275, the year of Francesca's marriage. Her father, Guido di Lamberti, a staunch ally of the Guelfs, was made lord of Ravenna by Pope Gregory X. as a reward for services rendered. He established his court in the Polenta palace, from which the family derived its name. He was a patron of letters, and the young Dante received much encouragement from him.



VIGNETTE FOR CANTO V., DANTE (1491)

Dante was twenty years old when the tragedy occurred, and in 1300, fifteen years after, he wrote the fifth canto of the "Inferno." When, toward the close of his life, he was banished from his beloved Florence, it was Guido di Novello da Polenta, grandson of Guido di Lamberti, and nephew of Francesca, who received the poet and his daughter Beatrice into his house, the house where Francesca had lived. Here his last days were comforted, and when he died it was this Polenta who gave him the impressive funeral and laid the laurel wreath upon his dead brow.

Of the many houses in Ravenna which once belonged to the Polentani, almost nothing remains. There is but one which could possibly have been inhabited by Francesca, and there is reason to believe that even this is not the original dwelling, but one remodelled in the last years of the thirteenth century. Of Guido da Novello's palace, hardly the brown walls remain.

The Porta Serrata, originally the Porta Anastasia, has also been entirely reconstructed. Tradition has it that Guido da Polenta, riding one day in the vicinity, encountered an old crone reading the palms of the passers-by. Guido showed her his hand and this is her prophecy: "There shall be great renown in love and bloodshed for you

and your family, and henceforth all who suffer in death shall pass through the Porta Anastasia."

Guido, bold and superstitious, wished to exorcise the evil spirits and ordered the opening to be built in, to form a solid wall. Since then it has been known as the Porta Serrata (closed gate). Later, when the Venetians banished the Polentani from Ravenna, they reopened the gate and compelled the exiles to pass through. With each reconstruction the gate has been given another name by those in authority, but the people have always insisted on calling it the Porta Serrata, and it is known by this name to-day.

Ravenna is much older than Rome. It was at the height of its power when Rome was still a struggling little province. Though Shelley called it "a miserable place, the people wild and barbarous," its historical interest surely compensates for any modern advantages it may lack. It contains the palace of Theodosius, the tombs of Honorius and Theodoric, and, most glorious of all, the tomb of Dante.

I pass each day where Dante's bones are laid,
A little cupola, more neat than solemn,

said Byron. Though plain and inconspicuous, it is the most hallowed shrine in Italy.



VIGNETTE FOR CANTO V., DANTE (1544)

A Century of Irish Humor

By STEPHEN GWYNN

IN a preface to the French translation of Sienkiewicz's works, M. de Wyzewa, the well-known critic, himself a Pole, makes a suggestive comparison between the Polish and Russian natures. The Pole, he says, is quicker, wittier, more imaginative, more studious of beauty, less absorbed in the material world than the Russian—in a word, infinitely more gifted with the artistic temperament; and yet in every art the Russian has immeasurably outstripped the Pole. His explanation, if not wholly convincing, is at least suggestive. The Poles are a race of dreamers, and the dreamer finds his reward in himself. He does not seek to conquer the world with arms or with commerce, with tears or with laughter; neither money tempts him nor fame, and the strenuous, unremitting application which success demands, whether in war, business, or the arts, is alien to his being.

The same observation and the same reasoning apply with equal force to the English and the Irish. No one who has lived in the two countries will deny that the Irish are apparently the more gifted race; no one can deny, if he has knowledge and candor, that the English have accomplished a great deal more, the Irish a great deal less. Nowhere is this more evident than in the productions of that faculty which Irishmen have always been reputed, and justly reputed, to possess in peculiar measure—the faculty of humor. Compare Lever, who for a long time passed as the typical Irish humorist, with his contemporaries Thackeray and Dickens. The comparison is not fair, but it suggests the central fact that the humor of Irish literature is deficient in depth, in intellectual quality, or, to put it after an Irish fashion, in gravity.

"Humorous" is a word as question-begging as "artistic," and he would be a rash man who should try to define either. But so much as this will readily

be admitted, that humor is a habit of mind essentially complex, involving always a double vision—a reference from the public or normal standard of proportion to one that is private and personal. The humorist refuses to part with any atom of his own personality; he stamps it on whatever comes from him. "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries," says Falstaff, achieving individuality by the same kind of odd picturesquesque comparison as every witty Irish peasant uses in talk to the delight of himself and his hearers. But the individuality lies deeper than phrases; Falstaff takes his private standard into battle with him. There is nothing more obviously funny than the short paunchy man, let us not say cowardly, but disinclined to action, who finds himself engaged in a fight. Lever has used him a score of times (beginning with Mr. O'Leary in the row at a gambling-hell in Paris), and whether he runs or whether he fights, his efforts to do either are grotesquely laughable. Shakespeare puts that view of Falstaff too! Prince Hal words it. But Falstaff, the humorist in person, rises on the field of battle over the slain Percy and enunciates his philosophy of the better part of valor. Falstaff's estimate of honor—"that word honor"—("Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday? Doth he feel it?"), the "grinning honor" that Sir Walter Blunt wears where the Douglas left him—is necessary to complete the humorist's vision of a battle-piece. Lever will scarcely visit you with such reflections, for the humorist of Lever's type never stands apart and smiles; he laughs loud and in company. Still less will he give you one of those speeches which are the supreme achievement of this faculty, where the speaker's philosophy is not reasoned out like Falstaff's, but revealed in a flash of the onlooker's insight. Is it pardonable to quote the account of Falstaff's death as the hostess narrates it?

"How now, Sir John," quoth I, "what, man! be of good cheer. So a' cried out 'God, God,' three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

Humor can go no farther than that terrible, illuminating phrase, which is laughable enough, heaven knows, but scarce likely to make you laugh. Contrast the humor of that with the humor of such a story as Lever delighted in. There were two priests dining with a regiment, we all have read in "Harry Lorrequer," who chaffed a sour Ulster Protestant till he was the open derision of the mess. Next time they returned the Protestant major was radiant with a geniality that they could not explain till they had to make their way out of barracks in a hurry, and found that the countersign (arranged by the major) was "Bloody end to the Pope." Told as Lever tells it, with all manner of jovial amplifications, that story would make anyone laugh. But it does not go deep. The thing is funny in too obvious a way; the mirth finds too large an outlet in laughter; it does not hang about the brain inextricable from the processes of thought; it carries nothing with it beyond the jest. And just as tears help to an assuaging of grief, so in a sense laughter makes an end of mirth. Give a feeling its instinctive vent, and you will soon be done with it, like the child who laughs and cries within five minutes; check it, and it spreads inward, gaining in intellectual quality as it loses in physical expression. The moral is, that if you wish to be really humorous you must not be too funny; and the capital defect of most Irish humor is that its aim is too simple—it does not look beyond raising a laugh.

There are brilliant exceptions in the century that lies between Sheridan and Mr. Bernard Shaw, between Maria Edgeworth and Miss Barlow. But serious art and serious thought in Ireland has always revealed itself to the English sooner or later as a species of sedition, and the Irish have with culpable folly allowed themselves to accept for characteristic excellences what were

really the damning defects of their work—an easy fluency of wit, a careless spontaneity of laughter. They have taken Moore for a great poet, and Handy Andy for a humorist to be proud of. Yet an Irishman who wishes to speak dispassionately must find humor of a very different kind from that of "Handy Andy," or "Harry Lorrequer" either, to commend without reserve, as a thing that may be put forward to rank with what is best in other literatures.

Taking Sheridan and Miss Edgeworth as marking the point of departure, it becomes obvious that one is at an end, the other at a beginning. Sheridan belongs body and soul to the eighteenth century; Miss Edgeworth, though her name sounds oddly in that context, is part and parcel of the romantic movement. The "postscript which ought to have been a preface" to "Waverley" declared, though after Scott's magnificent fashion, a real indebtedness. Sheridan's humor, essentially metropolitan, had found no use for local color; Miss Edgeworth before Scott proved the artistic value that could be extracted from the characteristics of a special breed of people under special circumstances in a special place. An Irish poet who, like all poets, is a most suggestive and a most misleading critic has declared that modern Irish literature begins with Carleton. That is only true if we are determined to look in Irish literature for qualities that can be called Celtic—if we insist that the outlook on the world shall be the Catholic's or the peasant's. Miss Edgeworth had not a trace of the Celt—as I conceive that rather indefinite entity—about her; but she was as good an Irishwoman as ever walked, and there are hundreds of Irish people of her class and creed looking at Irish life with kindly humorous Irish eyes, seeing pretty much what she saw, enjoying it as she enjoyed it, but with neither her power nor her will to set it down. "Castle Rackrent" is a masterpiece; and had Miss Edgeworth been constant to the dramatic method which she then struck out for herself, with all the fine reticences that it involved, her name

might have stood high in literature. Unhappily, her too exemplary father repressed the artist in her, fostered the pedagogue, and in her later books she commits herself to an attitude in which she can moralize explicitly upon the ethical and social bearings of every word and action. The fine humor in "Ormond" is obscured by its setting; in "Castle Rackrent" the humor shines. Sir Condyl and his lady we see none the less distinctly for seeing them through the eyes of old Thady, the retainer who narrates the Rackrent history; and in the process we have a vision of old Thady himself. Now and then the novelist reminds us of her presence by some extravagantly ironic touch, as when Thady describes Sir Condyl's anger with the Government "about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honorably and being greatly abused for, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before." Thady would hardly have been so ingenuous as that. But for the most part the humor is truly inherent in the situation, and you might look far for a better passage than the description of Sir Condyl's parting with his lady. But it is better to illustrate from a scene perhaps less genuinely humorous, but more professedly so—Sir Condyl's wake. Miss Edgeworth does not dwell on the broad farce of the entertainment; she does not make Thady eloquent over the whisky that was drunk and the fighting that began and so forth, as Lever or Carleton would certainly have been inclined to do. She fixes on the central comedy of the situation, Sir Condyl's innocent vanity and its pitiable disappointment—is it necessary to recall that he had arranged for the wake himself, because he always wanted to see his own funeral? Poor Sir Condyl!—even Thady, who was in the secret, had forgotten all about him, when he was startled by the sound of his master's voice from under the great-coats thrown all atop.

"Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they're

saying of the deceased." "God bless you, and lie still and quiet a bit longer," says I, "for my sister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright if she was to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation." So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t' other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as he had laid out there would. "And are n't we to have the pipes and tobacco after coming so far to-night?" said some one; but they were all well enough pleased when his honour got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebeen house where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily; but to my mind Sir Condyl was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such great talk about himself after his death as that he had always expected to hear."

In the end Sir Condyl died, not by special arrangement. "He had but a poor funeral after all," is Thady's remark; and you see with the kindly double vision of the humorist Thady's sincere regret for the circumstance that would most have afflicted the deceased, as well as the more obviously comic side of Thady's comment and Sir Condyl's lifelong aspiration. Indeed, the whole narrative is shot with many meanings, and one never turns to it without a renewed faculty of laughter.

If it were necessary to compare true humor with the make-believe, a comparison might be drawn between Thady and the servant in Lady Morgan's novel "O'Donnell." Rory is the stage Irishman in all his commonest attitudes. But it is better to go straight on, and concern ourselves solely with the work of real literary quality, and Carleton falls next to be considered.

Of genius with inadequate equipment it is always difficult to speak. Carleton is the nearest thing to Burns that we have to show; and his faults, almost insuperable to the ordinary reader, are the faults which Burns seldom failed to display when writing in English. But to Burns there was given an instrument perfected by long centuries of use—the Scotch vernacular song and ballad; Carleton had to make his own, and the genius for form was lacking in him. Some day there may come a man of pure Irish race who will be to Carleton

what Burns was to Ferguson, and then Ireland will have what it lacks; moreover, in the light of his achievement we shall see better what the pioneer accomplished. Every gift that Carleton had—and pathos and humor, things complementary to each other, he possessed in profusion—every gift is obscured by faulty technique. Nearly every trait is overcharged; for instance, in his story of the "Midnight Mass" he rings the changes interminably upon the old business of the wonderful medicine in the vagrants' blessed horn that had a strong odor of whisky; but what an admirably humorous figure is this same Darby O'More! Out of the "Poor Scholar" alone, that inchoate masterpiece, you could illustrate a dozen phases of Carleton's mirth, beginning with the famous sermon where the priest so artfully wheedles and coaxes his congregation into generosity towards the boy who is going out on the world, and all the while unconsciously displays his own laughable and lovable weaknesses. There you have the double vision, that helps to laugh with the priest, and to laugh at him in the same breath, as unmistakably as in the strange scene of the famine days where the party of mowers find Jimmy sick of the fever by the wayside and "shame a day" from their employer to build him a rough shelter. That whole chapter, describing the indefatigable industry with which they labor on the voluntary task, their glee in the truancy from the labor for which they are paid, their casuistry over the theft of milk for the pious purpose of keeping the poor lad alive, the odd blending of cowardice and magnanimity in their terror of the sickness and in their constant care that someone should at least be always in earshot of the boy, ready to pass in to him on a long-handed shovel what food they could scrape up, their supple ingenuity in deceiving the pompous landlord who comes to oversee their work,—all that is the completest study in existence of Irish character as it came to be under the system of absolute dependence. There is nothing so just as true humor, for by the law of its being it sees in-

evitably two sides; and this strange compound of vices and virtues, so rich in all the softer qualities, so lacking in all the harder ones, stands there in Carleton's pages, neither condemned nor justified, but seen and understood with a kindly insight. Carleton is the document of documents for Ireland in the years before the famine, preserving a record of conditions material and spiritual, which happily have largely ceased to exist, yet operate indefinitely as causes among us, producing eternal though eternally modifiable effects.

But, for the things in human nature that are neither of yesterday, to-day, nor to-morrow, but unchangeable, he has the humorist's true touch. When the poor scholar is departing, and has actually torn himself away from home, his mother runs after him with a last token—a small bottle of holy water.

"Jimmy alanna," said she, "here's this an' carry it about—it will keep evil from you; an' be sure to take good care of the written character you got from the priest an' Squire Benson; an' darlin', don't be lookin' too often at the cuff o' your coat, for feard the people might get a notion that you have the banknotes sewed in it. An', Jimmy agra, don't be too lavish upon their Munster crame; they say 'tis apt to give people the ague. Kiss me agin, agra, an' the heavens above keep you safe and well till we see you once more."

Through all that catalogue of precautions, divine and human, one feels the mood between tears and laughter of the man who set it down. But I think you only come to the truth about Carleton in the last scene of all, when Jimmy returns to his home, a priest. Nothing could be more stilted, more labored, than the pages which attempt to render his emotions and his words, till there comes the revealing touch. His mother, at sight of him returned unlooked-for after a long absence, loses for a moment the possession of her faculties, and cannot be restored. At last, "I will speak to her," said Jimmy, "in Irish; it will go directly to her heart." And it does.

Carleton never could speak to us in Irish; the English was still a strange tongue on his lips and in the ears of those he lived among; and his work

comes down distracted between the two languages, imperfect and halting, only with flashes of true and living speech.

When you come to Lever, it is a very different story. Lever was at no lack for utterance; nobody was ever more voluble, no one ever less inclined to sit and bite his pen, waiting for the one and only word. Good or bad, he could be trusted to rattle on; and, as Trollope said, if you pulled him out of bed and demanded something witty, he would flash it at you before he was half awake. Some people are born with the perilous gift of improvisation; and the best that can be said for Lever is that he is the nearest equivalent in Irish literature, or in English either, to the marvellous faculty of D'Artagnan's creator. He has the same exuberance, the same inexhaustible supply of animal spirits, of invention that is always spirited, of wit that goes off like fireworks. He delighted a whole generation of readers, and one reader at least in this generation he still delights; but I own that to enjoy him you must have mastered the art of skipping. Whether you take him in his earlier manner, in the "Charles O'Malley" vein of adventure, fox-hunting, steeple-chasing, Peninsular fighting, or in his latter more intellectual studies of shady financiers, needy political adventurers, and the whole generation of usurers and blacklegs, he is always good; but alas and alas! he is never good enough. His work is rotten with the disease of anecdote; instead of that laborious concentration on a single character which is necessary for any kind of creative work, but above all for humorous creation, he presents you with a sketch, a passing glimpse, and when you look to see the suggestion followed out he is off at score with a story. In the first chapter of "Davenport Dunn," for instance, there is an Irish gentleman on the Continent, a pork-butcher making his first experience of Italy, hit off to the life. But a silhouette—and a very funny silhouette—is all that we get of Mr. O'Reilly, and the figures over whom Lever had taken trouble—for in that work Lever did take trouble—are

not seen with humor. Directly he began to think, his humor left him; it is as if he had been funny in watertight compartments. And perhaps that is why, here as elsewhere, he shrank from the necessary concentration of thought.

There is always a temptation to hold a brief for Lever, because he has been most unjustly censured by Irishmen, even in so august and impartial a court as the "Dictionary of National Biography," as if he had traduced his countrymen. Did Thackeray, then, malign the English? The only charge that may fairly be brought against him is the one that cannot be rebutted—the charge of superficiality and of scamped work, of a humor that only plays over the surface of things—a humor which sees only the comic side that anybody might see. And because I cannot defend him, I say no more. Lever is certainly not a great humorist, but he is delightful company.

One may mention in passing the excursions into broad comedy of another brilliant Irishman—Le Fanu's short stories in the "Purcell Papers," such as the "Quare Gander," or "Billy Molowney's Taste of Love and Glory." These are good examples of a particular literary type—the humorous anecdote—in which Irish humor has always been fertile, and of which the *ne plus ultra* is Sir Samuel Ferguson's magnificent squib in Blackwood, "Father Tom and the Pope." Everybody knows the merits of that story, its inexhaustible fertility of comparison, its dialectic ingenuity, its joviality, its drollery, its Rabelaisian laughter. But, after all, the highest type of humor is humor applying itself to the facts of life, and this is burlesque humor squandering itself in riot upon a delectable fiction. Humor is a great deal more than a plaything; it is a force, a weapon—at once sword and shield. If there is to be an art of literature in Ireland that can be called national, it cannot afford to devote humor solely to the production of trifles. "Father Tom" is a trifle, a splendid toy; and what is more, a trifle wrought in a moment of ease by perhaps the most serious and conscientious artist that ever made a

contribution to the small body of real Irish literature in the tongue that is now native to the majority of Irishmen.

Of contemporaries, with one exception, I do not propose to speak at any length, nor can I hope that my review will be complete. Then is first and foremost Miss Barlow, a lady whose work is so gentle, so unassuming, that one hears little of it in the rush and flare of these strident times, but who will be heard and listened to with fresh emotion as the stream is heard when the scream and rattle of a railway train has passed away into silence. Is she a humorist? Not in the sense of provoking laughter—and yet the things that she sees and loves and dwells on would be unbearable if they were not seen through a delicate mist of mirth. The daily life of people at continual hand-grips with starvation, their little points of honor, their little questions of precedence, the infinite generosity that concerns itself with the expenditure of sixpence, the odd shifts they resort to that a gift may not have the appearance of charity,—all these are set down with a tenderness of laughter that is peculiarly and distinctively Irish.

Yet though we may find a finer quality of humor in those writers who do not seek to raise a laugh—for instance, the subtle, pervasive humor in Mr. Yeats's "Celtic Twilight"—still there are few greater attractions than that of open, healthy laughter of the contagious sort; and it would be black ingratitude not to pay tribute to the authoresses of "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M."—a book that no decorous person can read with comfort in a railway carriage. These ladies have the keenest eye for the obvious humors of Irish life, they have abundance of animal spirits, and they have that knack at fluent description embroidered with a wealth of picturesque details that is shared by hundreds of peasants in Ireland, but is very rare indeed on the printed page. And mingling with the broad farce there is a deal of excellent comedy—for instance, in the person of old Mrs. Knox of Aussolas. But there is the same point to insist on—and since these witty and delightful ladies have

already the applause of all the world one insists less unwillingly,—this kind of thing, admirable as it is, will not redeem Irish humor from the reproach of trifling. It is absolutely distinct in kind from Miss Barlow's—absolutely distinct because so much lower in aim. The humor that more than any other quality makes the greatness of English literature stirs more faculties than the simple one of laughter.

There is indeed a literature which, if not always exactly humorous, is closely allied to it—the literature of satire and invective; and in this Ireland has always been prolific. In the days of the old kings the order of bards had grown so prolific that they comprised a third of the whole population, and they devoted themselves with such talent and zeal to the task of invective that no man could live in peace, and the country cried out against them, and there was talk of suppressing the whole order. The king spared them on condition that they would mend their manners. We have those bards still, but nowadays we call them politicians and journalists; and frankly I think we are ripe for another intervention, if only in the interests of literature. So much good talent goes to waste in bad words; and, moreover, an observance of the decencies is always salutary for style. And it seems that as the years have gone on, humor has diminished in Irish politics, while bad humor has increased; and therefore I leave alone any attempt to survey the humor of the orators, though Curran tempts one at the beginning and Mr. Healy at the close. Of purely literary satire there has been little enough, apart from its emergence in the novel; but there is one example which deserves to be recalled. I cannot profess enthusiasm for Thomas Moore, but neither can I go back on the popular estimate so completely as a recent critic who would claim literary rank for him rather in virtue of the "Fudge Family" than of the Irish Melodies. That satire does not seem to get beyond a thin brilliancy; it is clever, but no more. Still, there are passages in it which cannot be read without enjoyment.

The list of writers of humorous verse

in Ireland is a long one, but a catalogue of ephemera. Even Father Prout at this time of day is little more than a dried specimen labelled for reference, or at most preserved in vitality by the immortal "Groves of Blarney." But neither that work, nor even "The Night before Larry was Stretched," nor Le Fanu's ballad of "Shemus O'Brien," can rank altogether as literature. About the humorous song I need only say that, so far as my experience goes, there is one, and one only, which a person with no taste for music and some taste for literature can hear frequently with pleasure, and that song of course is "Father O'Flynn." To recall the delightful ingenuity and the nimble wit shown by another Irishman of the same family in the "Hawarden Horace," and in a lesser degree by Mr. Godley in his "Musa Frivola," leads naturally to the inquiry why humor from Aristophanes to Carlyle has always preferred the side of reaction—a question that would need an essay, or a volume, all to itself.

But the central question is, after all, why, in a race where humor is so preponderant in the racial temperament, does so little of the element crystallize itself in literature. There is humor, no doubt, of a very individual kind in Mr. Frank Mathews's "Wood of the Brambles"; there is humor as well as a profusion of wit in Mr. Ashe King's "Wearing of the Green"; there is humor along with the true lyrical gift in Moira O'Neill's "Songs of the Glens of Antrim." How should it be otherwise, when in Ireland a collector like Mr. Michael Macdonagh can go about and gather stray fragments that testify sometimes to a delightful wit, sometimes merely to a natural oddity of mind, or a quaint turning of the phrase, in the person who is the subject of his story, but testify always to Mr. Macdonagh's own swift appreciation of the humorous side? But all this is very different from what I look for and do not find—the faculty of humorous creation. Humor ranks with the water power as one of the great undeveloped resources of the country. Something indeed has been done in the past with the river of laughter that almost every

Irish person has flowing in his heart; but infinitely more might be done if these rivers were put in harness.

And in one branch of literature it is being done already, in the drama. I shall not dwell here on Dr. Douglas Hyde's little one-act comedy in Gaelic—"Casadh an Tsugáin" (The Twisting of the Rope)—played last autumn in Dublin, further than to say that it was an admirable piece of truly poetic humor. But, considering English work alone, take away two Irish names from the field of modern comedy, and you have uncommonly little for which literary merit can be claimed. It is difficult to discuss Mr. Wilde's work, but its quality is scarcely disputed. There is the more reason to dwell on Mr. Bernard Shaw's plays, because they have not as yet been fully accepted by that queer folk, the theatre-going public. But I never yet heard of anyone who saw "You Never can Tell," and was not amused by it. That was a farce, no doubt, but a farce which appealed to emotions less elementary than those which are touched by the spectacle of a man sitting down by accident on his hat; it was a farce of intellectual absurdities, of grotesque situations arising out of perversities of character and opinion; a farce that you could laugh at without a loss of self-respect. But it is rather by "Candida" that Mr. Shaw should be judged, and "Candida" is by far the most interesting modern comedy that I have read or seen. It is not popular, apparently, but for a very good reason—Mr. Shaw's humor is too serious. His humor is a strong solvent, and one of the many things about which this humorist is in deadly earnest is the fetish worship of tradition. To that he persists in applying—in "Candida" as in half a dozen other plays—the ordeal by laughter—an ordeal which every human institution is bound to face. "Candida" will not only make people laugh, it will make them think; and it is not easy to induce the public to think after dinner on unaccustomed lines. They will laugh when they have been used to laugh, weep when they have been used to weep; but if you ask them to

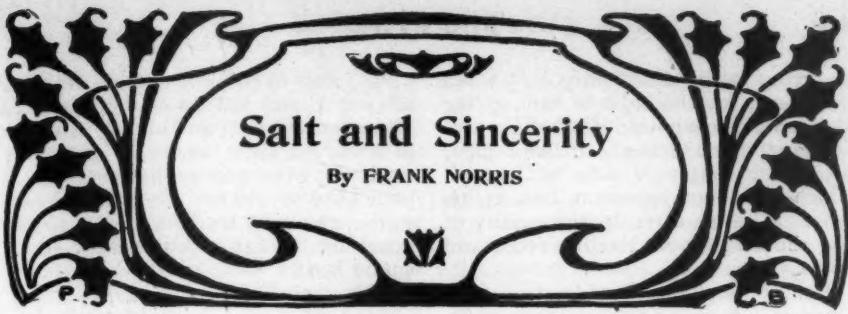
laugh when they expect to weep, or *vice versa*, the public will resent the proceeding. The original humorist, like every other original artist, has got slowly and laboriously to convert his public before he can convince them of his right to find tears and laughter where he can.

Whatever Mr. Shaw touches, whether it be the half-hysterical impulse that sometimes passes current for heroism, as in "Arms and the Man," or, as in the "Devil's Disciple," the conventional picturesqueness of a Don Juan—that maker of laws, breaker of hearts, so familiar with the limelight, so unused to the illumination by laughter, who finds himself in the long run deplorably stigmatized as a saint—there is a flood of light let in upon all manner of traditional poses, literary insincerities that have crept into life. There are few things of more value in a commonwealth than such a searching faculty of laughter. Like Sheridan, Mr. Shaw lives in England, and uses his comic gift for the most part on subjects suggested to him by English conditions of life, but with a strength of intellectual purpose that Sheridan never possessed. Irishmen may wish that he found his material in Ireland; we should then have plays much more amusing than Mr. Moore's "Bending of the Bough," though that also may be welcomed as an attempt, successful or not, toward the serious employment of humor.

But an artist must take what his hand finds, and there is no work in the world more full of the Scottish spirit or the Scottish humor than Carlyle's "French Revolution." If it be asked whether Mr. Shaw's humor is typically Irish, I must reply by another question: "Could his plays have conceivably been written by any but an Irishman?"

Is there, in fact, a distinctively Irish humor? In a sense, yes, no doubt, just as the English humor is of a different quality from the Greek or the French. But nobody wants to pin down English humor to the formula of a definition; no one wants to say, Thus far shalt thou go, and beyond that shalt cease to be English. Moreover,

a leading characteristic of the Irish type is just its variety—its continual deviation from the normal. How, then, to find a description that will apply to a certain quality of mind throughout a variable race; that quality being in its essence the most complete expression of an individuality, in its difference from other individualities, since a man's humor is the most individual thing about him? Description is perhaps more possible than definition. One may say that the Irish humor is kindly and lavish; that it tends to express itself in an exuberance of phrase, a wild riot of comparisons; that it amplifies rather than retrenches, finding its effects by an accumulation of traits, and not by a concentration. The vernacular Irish literature is there to prove that Irish fancy gives too much rather than too little. One may observe, again, that a nation laughs habitually over its besetting weakness; and if the French find their mirth by preference in dubious adventures, it cannot be denied that much Irish humor has a pronounced alcoholic flavor. But it is better neither to define nor to describe; there is more harmful misunderstanding caused by setting down this or that quality, this or that person, as typically French, typically English, typically Irish, than by any other fallacy; and we Irish have suffered peculiarly by the notion that the typical Irishman is the funny man of the empire. What I would permit myself to assert is, first, that the truest humor is not just the light mirth that comes easily from the lips—that, in the hackneyed phrase, bubbles over spontaneously—but is the expression of deep feeling and deep thought, made possible by deep study of the means to express it; and secondly, that literature, which through the earlier part of this century never received in Ireland the laborious brooding care without which no considerable work of art is possible, now receives increasingly the artist's labor; and consequently that among our later humorists we find a faculty of mirth that lies deeper, reaches farther, judges more subtly, calls into light a wider complex of relations.



Salt and Sincerity

By FRANK NORRIS

If the signs of the times may be read aright, and the future forecasted, the volume of short stories is in a fair way of becoming a "rare book." Fewer and fewer of this kind of literature are published every year, and only within the last week one of the foremost of the New York publishers has said that, so far as the material success was concerned, he would prefer to undertake a book of poems rather than a book of stories. Also he explained why. And this is the interesting thing. One has always been puzzled to account for this lapse from a former popularity of a style of fiction certainly legitimate and uncontestedly entertaining. The publisher in question cites the cheap magazines—the monthlies and weeklies—

as the inimical factors. The people go to them for their short stories, not to the cloth-bound volumes for sale at a dollar or a dollar and a half. Why not, if the cheap magazines give "just as good?" Often, too, they give the very same stories which, later, are re-published in book form. As the case stands now, any fairly diligent reader of two or three of the more important monthlies and weeklies may anticipate the contents of the entire volume, and very naturally he cannot be expected to pay a dollar for something he already has.

Or even suppose—as is now generally demanded by the publisher—the author adds to the forthcoming collection certain hitherto unpublished stories. Even this does not tempt the buyer. Turning over the leaves at the bookseller's, he sees two, three, five, half-a-dozen familiar titles. "Come," says he, "I

have read three fourths of this book already. I have no use for it."

It is quite possible that this state of affairs will produce important results. It is yet, perhaps, too soon to say, but it is not outside the range of the probable that, in America at least, it will, in time to come, engender a decay in the quality of the short story. It may be urged that the high prices paid by periodicals to the important short-story writers,—the best men,—will still act as a stimulus to production. But this does not follow by any means. Authors are queer cattle. They do not always work for money, but sometimes for a permanent place in the eyes of the world. Books give them this—not fugitive short stories, published here and there, and at irregular intervals. Reputations that have been made by short stories published in periodicals may be counted upon the fingers of one hand. The "life of a novel"—to use a trade term—is to a certain extent indeterminable. The life of a short story, be it never so excellent, is prolonged only till the next issue of the periodical in which it has appeared. If the periodical is a weekly it will last a week, if a monthly, a month,—and not a day more. If very good, it will create a demand for another short story by the same author, but that one particular contribution, the original one, is irretrievably and hopelessly dead.

If the author is in literature "for his own pocket every time" he is generally willing to accept the place of a short-story writer. If he is one of the "best men," working for a "permanent place," he will turn his attention and time, his best efforts, to the writing of novels,

Why publishers turn
the cold shoulder
upon short stories.

reverting to the short story only when necessary, for the sake of boiling the Pot, and chasing the Wolf. He will abandon the field to the inferior men, or enter it only to dispose of "copy," which does not represent him at his best. And, as a result, the quality of the short story will decline more and more.

So, "taking one consideration with another," it may be appropriate to inquire if it is not possible that the American short story is liable to decline in quality and standard of excellence.

And now comes again this question addressed to certain authors: "Which book do you consider your best?" and a very industrious and painstaking person is giving the answers to the world.

To what end, it is difficult to see. Who cares which of the "Waverleys" Sir Walter thought his best? or which of the Rougon-Maquart M. Zola favors the most? The author's point of view is very different from yours—the reader's. Which one do *you* think the best? That's the point. Do you not see that in the author's opinion the novel he is working on at the moment, or which is in press and about to appear—in fine, the last one written—is for a very long time the best he has done? He would be a very poor kind of novelist if he did not think that.

And even in retrospect his opinion as to "his best book" is not necessarily *An author's final*. For he will see good *opinion of his points in "unsuccessful" own work*. novels that the public and critics have never and will never discover; and also defects in what the world considers his masterpiece that for him spoil the entire story. His best novel is, as was said, the last he has written, or, and this more especially, the one he is *going* to write. For to a certain extent this is true of every author, whether fiction writer or not. *Though he very often does better than he thinks he can, he never does so well as he knows he might.*

His best book is the one that he never quite succeeds in getting hold of firmly enough to commit to paper. It is always just beyond him. Next year

he is going to think it out, or the next after that, and instead he compromises on something else, and his *chef d'œuvre* is always a little ahead of him. If this, too, were not so, he would be a poor kind of writer. So that it seems to me, the most truthful answer to the question, "What is your best book?" would be:

"The one I shall never write."

Another ideal that such of the "people who imagine a vain thing" have long been pursuing is an English Academy of letters,

The idea of an English Academy absurd. Academy for the Promotion of Historical, Philosophical, and Philological studies" has been proposed, the old discussion is revived, and especially in England there is talk of a British Academy, something on the same lines as the *Academie Française*, which shall tend to promote and reward particularly, the production of good fiction. In a word, it would be a distinction reserved only for the worthy, a charmed circle that would open only to the *élite* upon the vote of those already admitted. The proposition strikes one as pre-eminently ridiculous. Literature is of all arts the most democratic; it is of, by, and for the people in a fuller measure than even government itself. And one makes the assertion without forgetting that fine mouth-filling phrase, the "aristocracy of letters." The survival of the fittest is as good in the evolution of our literature as of our bodies, and the best "academy" for the writers of the United States is, after all, and in the last analysis, to be found in the judgment of the people, exercised throughout the lapse of a considerable time. For, give the people time enough, and they will always decide justly.

It was in connection with this talk about an "Academy" that Mr. Hall *As to a school of fiction.* Caine has made the remark that "no academic study of a thing so variable, emotional, and independent as the imaginative writer's art could be anything but mischievous." One is inclined to take

exception to the statement. Why should the academic study of the principles of writing fiction be mischievous? Is it not possible to codify in some way the art of construction of novels so that they be studied to advantage? This has, of course, never been done. But one believes that if managed carefully, and with a proper disregard of "set forms" and hampering conventions, it would be possible to start and maintain a school of fiction-writing in the most literal sense of the word "school." Why should it be any more absurd than the painting schools, and music schools? Is the art of music, say, any less variable, less emotional, less independent, less imaginative than the fiction-writer's. Heretical as the assertion may appear, one is thoroughly convinced that the art of novel writing (up to a certain point, *bien entendu*) can be acquired by instruction just as readily and with results just as satisfactory and practical as the arts of painting, sculpture, music, and the like. The art of fiction is, in general, based upon four qualities of mind: observation, imagination, invention, and sympathy. Certainly the first two are "acquired characters." Kindergarten children the world over are acquiring them every day. Invention is immensely stimulated by observation and imagination, while sympathy is so universally a fundamental quality with all sorts and conditions of men and women—especially the latter—that it needs but little cultivation. Why, then, would it be impossible for a few of our older, more seriously-minded novelists to launch a School of Instruction in the Art of Composition,—just as Bougereau, Lefevre, Boulanger, and Tony Robert Fleury founded Julien's in Paris?

At present the stimulus to, and even the manner of, production of very much American fiction is in the hands of the publishers. No one not intimately associated with any one of the larger, more important "houses" can have any idea of the influence of the publisher upon latter-day fiction. More

The publisher guides the author's pen.

novels are written—practically—to order than the public has any notion of. The publisher again and again picks out the man (one speaks, of course, of the younger generation), suggests the theme, and exercises, in a sense, all the functions of instructor, during the period of composition. In the matter of this "picking out of the man" it is rather curious to note a very radical change that has come about in the last five years. Time was when the publisher waited for the unknown writer to come to him, with his manuscript. But of late the Unknown has so frequently developed, under exploitation, and by direct solicitation of the publisher, into a "money-making proposition" of such formidable proportions that there is hardly a publishing house that does not now hunt him out with all the resources at its command. Certain fields are worked with the thoroughness, almost, of a political canvass, and if a given State—as, for instance, Indiana—has suddenly evolved into a region of great literary activity, it is open to suspicion that it is not because there is any inherent literary quality in the people of the place greater than in other States, but that certain firms of publishers are "working the ground."

It might not have been altogether out of place if upon the Victor Hugo Carnegie monument which has just vs.
Hugo. been unveiled in Paris there had been inscribed this, one of the most important of the great Frenchman's maxims:

"Les livres n'ont jamais faites du mal";

and I think that in the last analysis, this is the most fitting answer to Mr. Carnegie, who, in his address before the Authors' Club, put himself on record as willing to exclude from the libraries he is founding all books not three years old. No doubt bad books have a bad influence, but bad books are certainly worse than no books at all. For one must remember that the worst books are not printed—the really tawdry, really pernicious, really evil books. These are throttled in manuscript by

the publishers, who must be in a sense public censors. No book, be assured, goes to press but what there is—oh, hidden away like a grain of mustard seed—some bit, some modicum, some tiny kernel of good in it. Perhaps it is not that seed of goodness that the cultured, the fastidious, care much about. Perhaps the discriminating would call it a platitude. But one is willing to believe that somewhere, somehow, this atom of real worth makes itself felt—and that's a beginning. It will create after a while a taste for reading. And a taste for reading is a more important factor in a nation's literary life than the birth of a second Shakespeare.

The masses, not the classes, produce the great writer. It is the people, after all, who "make a literature." If they read, the few, the "illuminati," will write. But first must come the demand,—come from the people, the Plain People, the condemned *bourgeoisie*. The select circles of the *elite*, the "studio" hangers-on, the refined, will never, never, clamor they never so loudly, toil they never so painfully, produce the Great Writer. The demand which he is to supply comes from the Plain People—from the masses, and not from the classes. There is more significance as to the ultimate excellence of American letters in the sight of the messenger-boy devouring his "Old Sleuths," and "Deadwood Dicks," and "Boy Detectives," with an *earnest, serious* absorption, than in the spectacle of a "reading circle" of dilettanti coqueting with Verlaine, and pretending that they understand.

By the same token, then, is it not better to welcome and rejoice over this recent "literary deluge" than to decry it? One is not sure but what it is

a matter for self-gratulation—not a thing to deplore and vilify. The "people" are reading, that is the point; it is *not* the point that immature, untrained writers are flooding the counters with their productions. The more the Plain People read, the more they will discriminate. It is inevitable, and by and by they will demand "something better." It is impossible to read a book without formulating an opinion upon it. Even the messenger-boy can tell you that in *his* judgment, No. 3666, "The James Boys Brought to Bay," is more—or less, as the case may be—exciting than No. 3667, "The Last of the Fly-by-nights." Well, that is something. Is it not better than that the same boy should be shooting craps around the corner? Take his dime novel from him, put him in the "No Book" condition,—and believe me, he will revert to the craps. And so it is higher up the scale. In the name of American literature, let the Plain People read, anything,—anything, whether it is three days or three years old. Mr. Carnegie will not educate the public taste by shutting his libraries upon recent fiction. The public taste will educate itself by *much* reading, not by *restricted* reading. "Books have never done harm," Victor Hugo said it, and a bad book—that is to say, a poor, cheap, ill-written, "trashy" book—is not after all so harmful as "no book" at all.

Later on, when the people have learned discrimination by much reading, it will not be necessary to bar fiction not three years old from the libraries, for by then the people will demand the "something better," and the writers will have to supply it—or disappear, giving place to those who can, and *then* the literary standards will be raised.



The Top of the Bureau Principle

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

THE experience of being robbed of a story we are about to read, by the good friend who cannot help telling how it comes out, is an occasional experience in the lives of older people, but it sums up the main sensation of life in the career of a child. The whole existence of a boy may be said to be a daily—almost hourly—struggle to escape from being told things.

The best way to emphasize a fact in the mind of a bright boy is to discover some way of not saying anything about it. This is not because human nature is obstinate, but because facts have been intended from the beginning of the world to speak for themselves, and to speak better than any one can speak for them. When a fact speaks, God speaks. Considering the way that most persons who are talking about the truth see fit to rush in and interrupt Him, the wonder is not that children grow less and less interested in truth as they grow older: the wonder is that they are interested in truth at all—even lies about the truth.

The real trouble with most men and women as parents is, that they have had to begin life with parents of their own. When the child's first memory of God is a father or mother interrupting Him, he is apt to be under the impression, when he grows up, that God can only be introduced to his own children by never being allowed to get a word in. If we as much as see a Fact coming toward a child—most of us—we either run out where the child is, and bring him into the house and cry over him, or we rush to his side and look anxious and stand in front of the Fact, and talk to him about it.

And yet it is doubtful if there has ever been a boy as yet worth mentioning, who did not wish we would stand a little more at one side—let him have it out with things. He is very weary—if he really amounts to anything—of having everything about him prepared for him. There has never been a live

boy who would not throw a store-plaything away in two or three hours for a comparatively imperfect plaything he had made himself. He is equally indifferent to a store Fact, and a boy who does not see through a store-God, or a store-book, or a store-education sooner than ninety-nine parents out of a hundred and sooner, than most synods, is not worth bringing up.

No just or comprehensive principle can be found to govern the reading of books that cannot be made to apply, by one who really believes it (though in varying degrees), to the genius and to the dolt. It is a matter of history that a boy of fine creative powers can only be taught a true relation to books through an appeal to his own discoveries; but what is being especially contended for, and what most needs to be emphasized in current education, is the fact that the boy of ordinary creative powers can only be taught to read in the same way—by a slower, broader, and more patient appeal to his own discoveries. The boy of no creative powers whatever, if he is ever born, should not be taught to read at all. Creation is the essence of knowing, and teaching him to read merely teaches him more ways of not knowing. It gives him a wider range of places to be a nobody in—takes away his last opportunity for thinking of anything—that is, getting the meaning of anything for himself. If a man's heart does not beat for him, why substitute a hot-water bottle? The less a mind is able to do, the less it can afford to have anything done for it. It will be a great day for education when we all have learned that the genius and the dolt can only be educated—at different rates of speed—in exactly the same way. The trouble with our education now is, that many of us do not see that a boy who has been presented with an imitation brain is a deal worse off than a boy, who in spite of his

the publishers, who must be in a sense public censors. No book, be assured, goes to press but what there is—oh, hidden away like a grain of mustard seed—some bit, some modicum, some tiny kernel of good in it. Perhaps it is not that seed of goodness that the cultured, the fastidious, care much about. Perhaps the discriminating would call it a platitude. But one is willing to believe that somewhere, somehow, this atom of real worth makes itself felt—and that's a beginning. It will create after a while a taste for reading. And a taste for reading is a more important factor in a nation's literary life than the birth of a second Shakespeare.

The masses, not the classes, produce the great writer. It is the people, after all, who "make a literature." If they read, the few, the "illuminati," will write. But first must come the demand,—come from the people, the Plain People, the condemned *bourgeoisie*. The select circles of the *elite*, the "studio" hangers-on, the refined, will never, never, clamor they never so loudly, toil they never so painfully, produce the Great Writer. The demand which he is to supply comes from the Plain People—from the masses, and not from the classes. There is more significance as to the ultimate excellence of American letters in the sight of the messenger-boy devouring his "Old Sleuths," and "Deadwood Dicks," and "Boy Detectives," with an *earnest, serious* absorption, than in the spectacle of a "reading circle" of dilettanti coqueting with Verlaine, and pretending that they understand.

By the same token, then, is it not better to welcome and rejoice over this recent "literary deluge" than to decry it? One is not sure but what it is

a matter for self-gratulation—not a thing to deplore and vilify. The

Mr. Carnegie
the Noah of
this literary
deluge.

"people" are reading, that is the point; it is *not* the point that immature, untrained writers are flooding the counters with their productions. The more the Plain People read, the more they will discriminate. It is inevitable, and by and by they will demand "something better." It is impossible to read a book without formulating an opinion upo'n it. Even the messenger-boy can tell you that in *his* judgment, No. 3666, "The James Boys Brought to Bay," is more—or less, as the case may be—exciting than No. 3667, "The Last of the Fly-by-nights." Well, that is something. Is it not better than that the same boy should be shooting craps around the corner? Take his dime novel from him, put him in the "No Book" condition,—and believe me, he will revert to the craps. And so it is higher up the scale. In the name of American literature, let the Plain People read, anything,—anything, whether it is three days or three years old. Mr. Carnegie will not educate the public taste by shutting his libraries upon recent fiction. The public taste will educate itself by *much* reading, not by *restricted* reading. "Books have never done harm," Victor Hugo said it, and a bad book—that is to say, a poor, cheap, ill-written, "trashy" book—is not after all so harmful as "no book" at all.

Later on, when the people have learned discrimination by much reading, it will not be necessary to bar fiction not three years old from the libraries, for by then the people will demand the "something better," and the writers will have to supply it—or disappear, giving place to those who can, and *then* the literary standards will be raised.



The Top of the Bureau Principle

By GERALD STANLEY LEE

THE experience of being robbed of a story we are about to read, by the good friend who cannot help telling how it comes out, is an occasional experience in the lives of older people, but it sums up the main sensation of life in the career of a child. The whole existence of a boy may be said to be a daily—almost hourly—struggle to escape from being told things.

The best way to emphasize a fact in the mind of a bright boy is to discover some way of not saying anything about it. This is not because human nature is obstinate, but because facts have been intended from the beginning of the world to speak for themselves, and to speak better than any one can speak for them. When a fact speaks, God speaks. Considering the way that most persons who are talking about the truth see fit to rush in and interrupt Him, the wonder is not that children grow less and less interested in truth as they grow older: the wonder is that they are interested in truth at all—even lies about the truth.

The real trouble with most men and women as parents is, that they have had to begin life with parents of their own. When the child's first memory of God is a father or mother interrupting Him, he is apt to be under the impression, when he grows up, that God can only be introduced to his own children by never being allowed to get a word in. If we as much as see a Fact coming toward a child—most of us—we either run out where the child is, and bring him into the house and cry over him, or we rush to his side and look anxious and stand in front of the Fact, and talk to him about it.

And yet it is doubtful if there has ever been a boy as yet worth mentioning, who did not wish we would stand a little more at one side—let him have it out with things. He is very weary—if he really amounts to anything—of having everything about him prepared for him. There has never been a live

boy who would not throw a store-playing away in two or three hours for a comparatively imperfect plaything he had made himself. He is equally indifferent to a store Fact, and a boy who does not see through a store-God, or a store-book, or a store-education sooner than ninety-nine parents out of a hundred and sooner, than most synods, is not worth bringing up.

No just or comprehensive principle can be found to govern the reading of books that cannot be made to apply, by one who really believes it (though in varying degrees), to the genius and to the dolt. It is a matter of history that a boy of fine creative powers can only be taught a true relation to books through an appeal to his own discoveries; but what is being especially contended for, and what most needs to be emphasized in current education, is the fact that the boy of ordinary creative powers can only be taught to read in the same way—by a slower, broader, and more patient appeal to his own discoveries. The boy of no creative powers whatever, if he is ever born, should not be taught to read at all. Creation is the essence of knowing, and teaching him to read merely teaches him more ways of not knowing. It gives him a wider range of places to be a nobody in—takes away his last opportunity for thinking of anything—that is, getting the meaning of anything for himself. If a man's heart does not beat for him, why substitute a hot-water bottle? The less a mind is able to do, the less it can afford to have anything done for it. It will be a great day for education when we all have learned that the genius and the dolt can only be educated—at different rates of speed—in exactly the same way. The trouble with our education now is, that many of us do not see that a boy who has been presented with an imitation brain is a deal worse off than a boy, who in spite of his

The Critic

teachers, has managed to save his real one, but has not used it yet.

It is dangerous to give a program for a principle to those who do not believe in the principle, and who do not believe in it instinctively, but if a program were to be given it would be something like this: It would assume that the best way to do with an uncreative mind is to put the owner of it where his mind will be obliged to create.

First. Decide what the owner of the mind most wants in the world.

Second. Put this thing, whatever it may be, where the owner of the mind cannot get it unless he uses his mind. Take pains to put it where he can get it, if he does use his mind.

Third. Lure him on. It is education.

If this principle is properly applied to books, there is not a human being living on the earth who will not find himself capable of reading books—as far as he goes—with his whole mind and his whole body. He will read a printed page as eagerly as he lives. The moment a boy discovers, or is allowed to discover, that reading a book and living a day are both parts of the same act, and that they are both properly done in the same way and by the same boy, he will drink up knowledge as Job did scorning, like water.

But it is objected that many children are entirely imitative, and that the principle of creativeness cannot be appealed to with them and that they cut themselves off from creativeness at every point.

While it is inevitable in the nature of things that many children should be almost entirely imitative, there is not a child that does not do some of his imitating in a creative way, give the hint to his teachers even in his imitations, of where his creativeness would come if it were allowed to. His very blunders in imitating point to desires that would make him creative of themselves, if followed up. Some children have many desires in behalf of which they become creative. Others are creative only in behalf of a few. But there is always a single desire in a

child's nature through which his creativeness can be called out.

A boy learns to live, to command his body, through the desires which make him creative with it—hunger, and movement, and sleep—desires the very vegetables are stirred with, and the boy who does not find himself responding to them, who can help responding to them, does not exist. There may be times when a boy has no desire to fill himself with food, and when he has no desire to think, but if he is kept hungry, he is soon found doing both—thinking things into his stomach. A stomach, in the average boy, is so made, indeed, that it will all but take the part of a brain itself, for the time being—to avoid being empty. If a human being is alive at all, there is always at least one desire he can be educated with, prodded into creativeness, until he learns the habit and the pleasure of it. The best qualification for a nurse for a child whose creativeness turns on his stomach is a natural gift for keeping food on the tops of bureaus and shelves just out of reach. The best qualification for a teacher is infinite contrivance in high bureaus. The applying of the Top of the High Bureau to all knowledge and to all books is what true education is for.

It is generally considered a dangerous thing to do, to let a child loose in a library. It might fairly be called a dangerous thing to do, if it were not much more dangerous not to. The same forces that wrought themselves into the books when they were being made can be trusted to gather and play across them on the shelves. These forces are the self-propelling and self-healing forces of the creative mood. The creative mood protects the books, and it protects all who come near the books. It protects from the inside. It toughens and makes supple. Parents who cannot trust a boy to face the weather in a library should never let him outdoors.

Trusting a boy to the weather in a library may have its momentary embarrassments, but it is immeasurably the shortest and most natural way to

bring him into a vital connection with books. The first condition of a vital connection with books is that he shall make the connection for himself. The relation will be vital in proportion as he makes it himself.

The fact that he will begin to use his five reading senses by trying to connect in the wrong way, or by connecting with the wrong books or parts of books, is a reason, not for action on the part of parents and teachers, but for inspired waiting. As a vital relation to books is the most immeasurable outfit for living and the most perfect protection against the dangers of life a boy can have, the one point to be borne in mind is not the book but the boy—the instinct of curiosity in the boy.

A boy who has all his good discoveries in books made for him—spoiled for him, if he has any good material in him—will proceed to make bad ones. The vices would be nearly as safe from interference as the virtues, if they were faithfully cultivated in Sunday-schools or by average teachers in day-schools. Sin itself is uninteresting when one knows all about it. The interest of the average young man in many a more important sin to-day is only kept up by the fact that no one stands by with a book teaching him how to do it. Whatever the expression "original sin" may have meant in the first place, it means now that we are full of original sin because we are not given a chance to be original in anything else. A virtue may be defined as an act so good that a religiously trained youth cannot possibly learn anything more about it. A classic is a pleasure hurried into a responsibility, a book read by every man before he has anything to read it with. A classical author is a man who, if he could look ahead—could see the gen-

erations standing in rows to read his book, toeing the line to love it—would not read it himself.

Any training in the use of books that does not base its whole method of rousing the instinct of curiosity, and keeping it aroused, is a wholesale slaughter not only of the minds that might live in the books, but of the books themselves.

The central curiosity of every human life, with regard to the things around it, shows itself in three questions:

1. What have these things to do with me?
2. What can I do with them?
3. How shall I do it?

These questions are personal in their nature. They are largely in the first person.

When the question, "What have these things to do with me?" is taken out of the first person—that is, out of the boy's own hands—he is permanently injured. When the first and second questions—"What have these things to do with me?" and "What can I do with them?"—are taken out of the boy's hands and he is left loose in society with the freedom of the third—"How shall I do it?"—he injures every one else and is known in society as the quack. When all three questions are taken out of his hands there is not any boy left. Neither his knowledge nor his ignorance can be made to count. He is a duplicate or dead weight. His doing right makes little difference, and there is not enough of him to do wrong.

To ignore the central curiosity of a child's life, his natural power of self-discovery in books, is to dispense with the force of gravity in books, instead of taking advantage of it.



The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

FEW of the new plays presented in the city during the early part of the spring season require, or could endure, serious consideration. The best of them, undoubtedly, was Mr. Augustus Thomas's adaptation of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune." This, at least, is put together in workmanlike fashion, has atmosphere and a reasonable amount of plausibility, and affords excellent entertainment. It is not necessary to enter upon the details of the story, which deals, as most readers of *THE CRITIC* are doubtless aware, with the successful effort of a resourceful and gallant young American to retain control of a valuable mining concession, coveted by the patriots for revenue only, of an imaginary little South American republic. The main outlines of the book are followed with sufficient closeness, but that in itself is not a matter of much moment. What is more important is that the piece is full of life and character, that the incidents, if not always veracious, have a certain verisimilitude as well as positive theatrical value, and that the action is swift and compact. Moreover, there is a fresh and pretty love-story to give the needed air of romance to a rather sordid and melodramatic intrigue, while the dialogue is of better quality than is generally found in plays of this order. Most of the principal personages, although drawn after conventional patterns, are nevertheless vital, and most of them, it may be added, were well acted. Thus Mr. Robert Edeson, the star of the occasion, was admirably fitted in the part of the quiet, resolute, sagacious, and energetic young American, who, at the critical moment, organizes his miners into a brigade and thus makes himself master of the situation, and Mr. Harry Harwood has seldom been seen to better advantage than in the character of the Celtic rough diamond, MacWilliams. Mr. Ira A. Hards, again, was a capital representative of a reckless, unscrupulous,

but not altogether bad-hearted adventurer, while Mr. Guy Bates Post, as the officer in love with the President's wife, distracted between temptation and a sense of duty, acted with force, dignity, and discretion. Excellent, too, in its way, was the magniloquent President—talking heroics while robbing the Exchequer—of E. W. Morrison, and scarcely inferior was the rascally political and military freebooter—General Mendoza—of Mr. Brandt. Nor must the very natural, earnest, and attractive impersonation of the heroine by Miss Gretchen Lyons be forgotten. The whole representation, indeed, was remarkable for its general competence, and to this fact the piece owed its success, quite as much as to its own merits. There was nothing extraordinary about either the play or its interpretation, no thrilling dramatic stroke or brilliancy of personal display, but the general effect was uniformly agreeable and interesting, which is much more than can be said truthfully of the majority of contemporary stage exhibitions.

"A Modern Magdalen" proved a great disappointment. There are features in it which may please the unreflecting crowd, but it will not enhance the reputation of either Miss Bingham or Mr. Haddon Chambers. Speculation, here, concerning the value of the original piece, of which this is an adaptation, would be superfluous, but judging from common report, it is a realistic study from the seamy side of life, with a logical and tragic catastrophe. Mr. Chambers, possibly with the fear of the censor in his mind, has converted it into cheap, preposterous, hyper-sentimentalized, meretricious melodrama, untrue to life and offensive to reason and refinement. It is possible that a great emotional actress might have succeeded in veiling some of the more obvious inconsistencies in the character of the heroine—whose conduct is utterly irreconcilable with any theory of inhe-

rent virtue or nobility—but such a task is quite beyond the present powers of Miss Bingham, who only succeeded in throwing them into bolder relief. She cannot, however, be held altogether responsible for the prentice work of Mr. Haddon Chambers. It is a pity that the abilities of so capable a company as she has collected should be wasted upon such pretentious rubbish. Wilton Lackaye, Henry E. Dixey, Arthur Byron, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Joseph Holland are all able actors in their own proper lines, and most of them, especially the three first named, played the characters entrusted to them exceedingly well, but no individual

effort could disguise the artistic feebleness of the play.

"The Diplomat" of Miss Martha Morton, and the "Sky Farm" of Mr. Edward E. Kidder, demand no more than a line of record. The first is an extravagant and not too delicate farce, which affords ample scope for the comicalities, often mirth provoking, of Mr. William Collier, and the second is a rearrangement of the stock incidents and personages which have done duty in many an antecedent moral drama. Some of the character bits are capitally done, and the scenery and stage management are highly meritorious.

Behind the Scenes

By CAROLYN SHIPMAN

THE charm of Miss Morris's "Life on the Stage" * is its naturalness. Even the trivial is made interesting by the conversational, graphic style of the narrative, and not one word is the reader willing to skip.

As soon as the small Clara was ushered into the world with a temper and a good pair of lungs on a St. Patrick's Day in Toronto,—a day of sunshine, snow, and rain, of riot and bloodshed, in trouble and poverty,—the life of the imagination at once began its struggle with the life of grim reality which the future actress was to experience, even into her days of success. Two illusions she had as a child—Santa Claus, and her "procession," as she called the line of nice gentlemen with funny hats and green collars who walked out behind the band on the 17th of March to celebrate her birthday. When someone told her that nobody cared a copper about her, and that it was n't her procession at all, but an old dead and gone saint's, all the dance went out of her feet, and the joy of life was turned to dust and ashes.

* "Life on the Stage: My Personal Experiences and Recollections." By Clara Morris. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

At the present time, here in my home, there is seated in an arm-chair, a venerable doll. She is a hideous specimen of the beautiful doll of the early "fifties." She sits with her soles well turned up, facing you, her arms hanging from her shoulders in that idiotically helpless "I-give-it-up" fashion peculiar to dolls. With bulging scarlet cheeks, button-hole mouth and flat, blue staring eyes she faces Time and unwinkingly looks him down. To anyone else she is stupidity personified, but to me she speaks, for she came to me on my fourth Christmas, and she is as gifted as she is ugly. Only last birthday—as I straightened out her old, old dress skirt—she asked me if I remembered how I cried, with my face in her lap, over that first loss of an illusion—and I told her quite truly that I remembered well!

The history extends from the Cleveland ballet days when Miss Morris acted in the "family theatre" managed by Mr. Ellsler, was called "saucer eyes," and chewed gum, through her experience as leading lady in Cincinnati under Mr. Barney Macaulay, to the life in New York under Daly and Palmer. The anecdotal character of the book makes quotation easy, but the difficulty is to decide what to omit. Each event described is a little picture in itself, distinct and logical to a degree most unusual where anecdotes form the basis

of the narrative. Miss Morris does not "ramble on," she returns to her point, however digressive a paragraph may appear to be.

Her admiration for the two Booths was profound. Both brothers were heroes to their valets, and to every one around them.

Now it is scarcely an exaggeration to say the sex was in love with John Booth, the name Wilkes being apparently unknown to his family and close friends. At depot restaurants, those fiercely unwilling maidens slammers of plates and shooters of coffee-cups made to him swift and gentle offerings of hot steaks, hot biscuits, hot coffee, crowding around him like doves about a grain basket, leaving other travellers to wait upon themselves or go without refreshment. At the hotels, maids had been known to enter his room and tear asunder the already made-up bed, that the "turn-over" might be broader by a thread or two, and both pillows slant at the perfectly correct angle. At the theatre, good heavens! as the sunflowers turn upon their stalks to follow the beloved sun, so old or young, our faces smiling, turned to him.

Another source of admiration was Lawrence Barrett, respected by all, admired by many, and if loved by a few only, yet with a love so profound and tender that it amply sufficed. He was charged with an air of superiority, he did not know how to "jolly the crowd," he was not a full, voluminous, and ready story-teller for the boys, who called him cold and hard. But, says Miss Morris:

God knows he had needed the coldness and the so-called hardness, or how could he have endured the privations of the long journey from his weary mother's side to this position of honor? Cold, hard, dictatorial, superior? Well, there is a weak lean-on-somebody sort of woman, who will love any man who will feed and shelter her—she doesn't count. But when a clear-minded, business-like, clever woman, a wife for many years, loves her husband with the tenderest sentiment and devotion, I'm ready to wager something that it was *tenderness* and *devotion* in the husband that first aroused like sentiments in the wife.

One of the most pathetic incidents in the book concerns the Barretts. The elder Mrs. Barrett died and the recreant son Joseph, who worshipped her, was not to be found. He had been overcome by his terrible tempta-

tion to drink, had been discharged, and had disappeared. The funeral was over, and Lawrence was waiting by the newly mounded grave to say a last good-bye, when suddenly a drooping, lurching figure plunged out of the dusk and fell all his length along the grave that held the sweetest and the holiest thing God had ever given him,—an honest, loving mother.

"Oh, mother!" he gasped, "I have hungered, and I have tramped with the curse upon me, too; I have hungered and tramped so far, so far, hoping just to be in time to see your dear face once more, and now they've shut you away from me, from the bad boy you never turned your patient eyes away from! Oh, mother! whatever can I do without you, all alone! all alone!"

But the "little brother Larry" was there to comfort him as the mother would have done and to lead him home.

Hardly-less pathetic is an incident in Miss Morris's own life,—the story of her first appearance in New York. She was to play Anne Sylvester in "Man and Wife." After buying a cheap white mousseline dress, a dark gray shawl, overskirt, and jacket, shoes, veil, and gloves, only \$2.38 were left on which her mother and she must live until her first week's salary should be paid; an attack of pleurisy was aggravated by a drunken doctor's blunder in blistering her; and she could hardly swallow the broth made from chops which they could ill afford to buy. But even under these trying circumstances and with a "make-up" that made her resemble a painted Indian about to take the war-path, success came, and she received the ovations of a brilliant audience.

So, while the new actress's name was floating over many a dainty restaurant supper, its owner sat beneath one gas-jet, between mother and pet dog, eating a large piece of bread and a small piece of cheese; and, thankful for both, she talked to her small circle of admirers, telling them all about it, and winding up supper and talk with the declaration: "Mother, I believe the hearts are just the same, whether they beat against Western ribs or Eastern ribs!"

Through the descriptions of her colleagues and their mutual relations, beats the heart of a generous, appreci-

ative woman. Her sense of humor, her adaptability and courage, her patient endurance and sustained effort carried her triumphantly through "threatening bogs and green and pleasant meadows"; but predominant

is the large-heartedness which makes criticism of her companions, frank as it sometimes is, only just, but never spiteful.

The book is more interesting than a novel, for it is the truth.

Notes on a Recent Sale at Sotheby's

THE chief book sale of the current year was the recent one at Sotheby's. American collectors were well represented, the catalogue having been in their hands for some time past; and some of the best things will soon be crossing the Atlantic.

To one accustomed to similar functions at the salesrooms of Messrs. Bangs & Co. in New York, such a sale at the chief auction-rooms in London is a surprise, if not a disappointment. In the first place, after climbing a pair of stairs from Wellington Street, just off the Strand, he rubs his eyes to find himself in a little room rather less than thirty by twenty feet in size, that compares most unfavorably with the far larger and better ventilated hall on one of the upper floors in a modern office building in Fifth Avenue. And the attendance seems surprisingly small; for so interesting a sale as this last, at its most interesting moment, draws together not more than fifty or sixty persons. Even so small a number crowds the room, however; and only one in three of the company can find a seat at the narrow horseshoe counter under the low skylight running lengthwise of the room. A few others may find chairs, but at least half of those who "assist" at the ceremony must content themselves with standing room; and most of them—like members of Parliament and the worshippers in a synagogue—keep their hats on.

Yet another disappointment is felt when the sale gets under way; for the voice and manner of the auctioneer are as colorless, not to say funereal, as an undertaker's. The ancient firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge is represented to-day by Mr. Hodge, a man of eighty or so, who is in poor health, and

since last year no longer active, and his son Thomas, who manages the business and personally conducts the sales. The American auctioneer is notoriously witty, and as full of "gags" as a comic actor. He does his utmost to "jolly" his audience, and people flock to an important sale partly for the pleasure of hearing the salesman's sallies. There is nothing of this sort at a sale at Sotheby's. If the collection belonged personally to the auctioneer, and were being sold under foreclosure, he could not be more impassive, not to say depressed.

"Number so and so, a first edition. What am I offered for it? One pound, one guinea, one ten, one fifteen, two pounds, two guineas, two five, two ten, two fifteen, two seventeen and a half. Is that all, gentlemen? Two seventeen and a half. Mr. Quaritch."

The formula would be the same if the sum were hundreds of pounds instead of less than three. It was almost the same with the Royal Book of Caxton, where the question was not of hundreds, but of thousands. Here, however, Mr. Hodge so far forgot—or remembered—himself as to preface his request for bids by saying, very placidly: "I do not think I exaggerate when I say that such a Caxton has never been sold before." He suggested that the opening bid be a thousand pounds, but someone led off with an offer of a thousand guineas. This was promptly brought up to £1600 by additional bids of £50 each. Thence the advances were on a £25 basis, until the lot (No. 987) was knocked down to Mr. Quaritch for £2225. An American dealer had bid up to £2220, and would probably have silenced his English competitor by offering £2250. As

it was, it is the record price for "The Royal Book, or Book for a King." And if the auctioneer had spent half an hour in "jollying" his hearers, instead of three minutes in echoing their bids, he would not have got another farthing for the volume. With very few exceptions, it was an audience of buyers, and experienced buyers, whom Mark Twain could not have stampeded into paying more for the book than they believed it to be worth before the sale began. The general expectation was that the price would exceed, rather than fall below, £2000, and no one was much surprised that it exceeded it by more than ten per cent.

Of the five known copies of the book, which was translated by Caxton in 1484, and printed by him about 1487, it is very probably the best. On the day of the sale I examined and measured the copy in the British Museum, which Mr. Fortescue kindly got out for my inspection. Unlike the copy just sold it is not in the original covers; and it is badly cut down, the page measuring only $9\frac{1}{4}$ by $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches, as compared with the newly sold copy's $11\frac{1}{4}$ by $8\frac{1}{4}$. The front cover is detached from the latter, but otherwise it is in a far better state of preservation than the Museum copy; though the Museum copy is carefully guarded, and the other has been freely accessible to members of the Bedford Institute, at Bedford, for over four hundred years!

At the Caxton exhibition of five-and-twenty years ago the Bedford copy was shown; but its value was never realized till a much inferior copy was sold at Sotheby's last year for £1500. The Council of the Institute then authorized its sale at auction. But two indulgences of Pope Sixtus IV., also of Caxton's printing, were bound up with it, and these the canny owners extracted, and, refusing the British Museum's offer of £50 for them, put on sale, separately, with the book. One

of the vellum sheets (6 by 8 inches) brought £265, and the other ($5\frac{1}{4}$ by 8) brought £145. (Apropos, I see that Quaritch catalogues the first edition of "The Canterbury Tales," printed by Caxton, at £2500.)

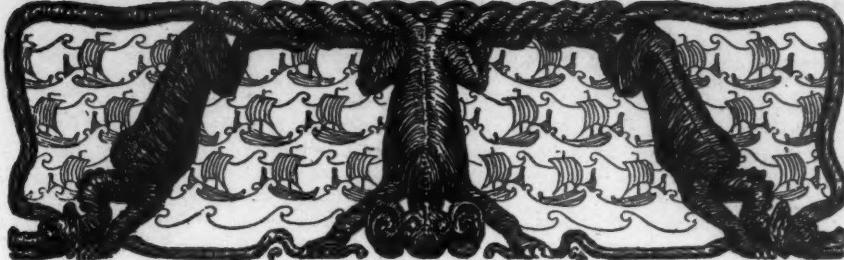
The Caxtons apart, this last sale would still have been a notable one. It began on Monday, when a number of Bunyan and Byron rarities were disposed of, notably a copy of the sixth edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which went to America for £92—a poor copy of the first edition going for only £22. (At the same rooms, last year, a fine copy of the first edition, now in America, was sold for £1600.) The first edition of "The Bride of Abydos" brought £36, of "The Corsair" £30, and of "The Waltz" £79 (for America). Sixteen letters of Coleridge, sold separately, brought in the aggregate about £80.

On the last day, some interesting Dickens relics were sold; a presentation copy of Wordsworth's "Ode to Charles Lamb" fetched £30; thirty Kelmscott Press volumes made a total of £300 (including Chaucer's works, at £90); and the Edinburgh Stevenson, with his letters, containing the suppressed papers, fetched £34.10s.

The 1314 lots disposed of on the five days yielded £14,530—on which the seller's commission is probably £1500.

Three manuscripts of William Morris were sold at high prices: "A Dream of John Ball" (98 pages) fetching £166, and "The Friendship of Amis and Amile" (19 pages), £130. A full-length crayon portrait of Thackeray, by Samuel Lawrence, was bought by Mr. Denham, presumably for America, for £51. For three volumes of engravings after Sir Joshua, by S. W. Reynolds, Mr. Quaritch gave £274. The Dickens relics—furniture from the office of *All the Year Round*—were sold for £85.





Typhoon

By JOSEPH CONRAD

Author of "Children of the Sea," "Lord Jim," Etc.

XIX

He listened. Before his eyes the engines turned with slow labor that in the moment of going off into a mad fling would stop dead at Mr. Rout's shout, "Look out, Beale!" They seemed to wait in an intelligent immobility stilled in midstroke, a heavy crank arrested on the cant, as if conscious of time itself being on their side. Then, with a "Now, then!" from the chief and the sound of a breath expelled through clenched teeth, they would accomplish the interrupted revolution and begin another.

There was the prudent sagacity of enormous strength in their movements. This was their work—this coaxing of a ship over the fury of waves and into the fierce eye of the wind. Mr. Rout's chin had sunk on his breast, and at times he watched them from under his forehead like a man plunged deep in thought.

The voice that kept the hurricane out of Jukes's ear began:

"Take the hands" and left off unexpectedly.

"What could I do with the hands, sir?"

A harsh, abrupt, imperious clang exploded suddenly. The three pairs of eyes flew up to the telegraph dial to see the hand dart upwards from "Full" to "Stop" as if snatched by a devil. And then these three men in the engine-room had the intimate sensation of a check upon the ship, of a strange shrinking, as if she had gathered herself for a leap.

"Stop her!" bellowed Mr. Rout.

Nobody,—not even Captain MacWhirr, who caught sight of a white line of foam coming on

at such a height that he could n't believe his eyes,—nobody knew the steepness of that sea and the awful depth of the hollow the hurricane had scooped behind that running wall of water.

It raced to meet the ship, and, with a pause, as of girding the loins, she lifted her bows and leaped. The flames in all the lamps sank, darkening the engine-room. One went out. She had not leaped quite high enough, for with a tearing crash and a swirling, raving tumult, tons of water fell upon her deck as though she had darted under the very foot of a cataract.

Down there they looked at each other, stunned.

"Swept from end to end, by God!" bawled Jukes.

She pitched into the hollow straight down as if tumbling from a cliff. The engine-room toppled forward menacingly, like the inside of a tower nodding in an earthquake. An awful racket of iron things falling came from the stoke-hole.

Instead of recovering herself she hung head down while the souls of men on board cried aloud to her to rise. She hung long enough for Beale to drop on his hands and knees as if he meant to fly on all fours out of the engine-room, and for Mr. Rout to turn his head slowly, rigid, cavernous, with the lower jaw dropping. Jukes had shut his eyes, and his face in a moment became hopelessly blank, like the face of a blind man.

But she rose slowly, staggering as if she had to lift a mountain with her bows.

Mr. Rout shut his mouth, Jukes blinked, and little Beale stood up hastily.

"Another one like this and that's the last of her!" cried the chief.

He and Jukes looked at each other, and the same thought came into their heads—the Captain! Everything must have been swept away. Steering-gear gone—men gone—ship like a log. All over directly.

"Rush!" ejaculated Mr. Rout thickly, glaring with enlarged, doubtful eyes at Jukes, who answered him by an irresolute glance.

The clang of the telegraph gong soothed them instantly. The black hand dropped in a flash from "Stop" to "Full."

"Now then, Beale!" cried Mr. Rout.

The steam hissed low. The piston-rods slid in and out. Jukes put his ear to the tube. The voice was ready for him. It said:

"Pick up all the money. Bear a hand now. I'll want you up here." And that was all.

"Sir?" called up Jukes. There was no answer. It struck him that if he had got an answer he wouldn't have known what to say. Nothing could be said.

He staggered away as a defeated man staggers away from the field of battle. He had got in some way or other a cut above his left eyebrow, a cut to the bone. He was not aware of it in the least: quantities of the China Sea, large enough to break his neck for him, had gone over his head, had cleaned, washed, and salted that wound. It did not bleed, but only gaped red; and this gash over the eye, his dishevelled hair, the disorder of his streaming clothes, gave him the aspect of a man worsted in a fight with fists.

"Got to pick up the dollars," he appealed to Mr. Rout, smiling pitifully, at random.

"What's that? Pick up . . . ? I don't care . . ." Then quivering in every muscle, but with an exaggeration of paternal tone, "Go away now, for God's sake. You deck people'll drive me silly. There's that second mate been going for the old man. Don't you know? You fellows are going wrong for want of something to do . . ."

At these words Jukes discovered in himself the beginnings of anger. He turned to go the way he had come, full of hot scorn for the chief. In the stoke-hole the plump donkey man manœuvred his shovel mutely, as if his tongue had been cut out; but the second was carrying on like a sort of noisy, undaunted maniac, who, nevertheless, had preserved his skill in the art of stoking under a marine boiler.

"Hallo, you wandering officer! Hey! Can't

you get some of your slush-slingers to wind up a few of them ashes? I am getting choked with them here. Curse it! Hallo! Hey! Remember the articles!—sailors and firemen to assist each other. Hey! D'ye hear?"

Jukes was climbing out frantically, and the other, lifting up his face after him, howled:

"Can't you speak? What are you poking about here for? What's your game, anyhow?"

A frenzy possessed Jukes. By the time he was back amongst the men in the darkness of the alleyway he felt ready to wring all their necks at the slightest sign of hanging back. The very thought of it exasperated him. *He* could n't hang back. They should n't!

XX

THE impetuosity with which he came amongst them carried them along. They had already been excited and startled at all his comings and goings. By the fierceness and rapidity of his movements, more felt than seen in his rushes, he appeared formidable—busied with matters of life and death that brooked no delay. At his first word he heard them drop into the bunker one after another obediently, with heavy thumps.

They were not clear as to what would have to be done. "What is it? What is it?" they were asking each other. The boatswain tried to explain: the sounds of a great scuffle surprised them; and the mighty shocks reverberating awfully in the black bunker made them think fearfully of the gale. When the boatswain threw open the door it seemed to them that an eddy of the hurricane stealing through the iron sides of the ship had set all the coolies whirling like dust; there came to them a confused uproar, a tempestuous tumult, a fierce mutter, gusts of screams dying away, and the tramping of feet mingling with the blows of the sea.

For a moment they glared, blocking the doorway. Jukes pushed through them brutally. He said nothing and simply darted in. The Chinamen on the ladder, struggling suicidally to break through the battened hatch to a swamped deck, fell off, and he disappeared under them like a man overtaken by an avalanche. The boatswain yelled excitedly:

"Come along! Get the mate! He'll be trampled to death. Come on!"

They rushed in, stamping on breasts, on fingers, on faces, catching their feet in heaps

of clothing, kicking broken wood: but before they could get hold of him Jukes emerged, waist-deep amongst clawing hands. In the instant he had been lost to view all the buttons of his jacket had gone, its back got split up to the collar, his waistcoat had been torn open. The central, struggling mass went over to the roll, dark, indistinct, helpless, with a wild gleam of eyes in the dim light that swayed after it and jerked when it thumped the ship's side.

"Leave me alone—damn you!" screeched Jukes. "Drive them forward! Watch your chance when she pitches. Forward with them! Drive them against the bulkhead! Jam 'em up!"

The rushing of these eleven men into the seething 'tween-deck was like a splash of cold water into a boiling cauldron. The commotion as it were sank for a moment.

The bulk of Chinamen were locked in such a compact scrimmage that, linking their arms and aided by an appalling dive of the ship, the seamen sent it forward in one great shove, like a solid block. Behind their backs small clusters and loose bodies tumbled from side to side. The boatswain performed prodigious feats of strength.

With his long arms open and each great paw clutching at a stanchion, he stopped the rush of seven entwined Chinamen rolling like a boulder. His joints cracked; he said, "Ha!" and they flew apart. But the carpenter showed the greater intelligence. He went back into the alleyway, where he found several coils of cargo gear, chain, and rope. With these, life-lines were rigged.

There was really no resistance. The struggle however it began, had turned into a scramble of blind panic. If they had started after their dollars, they were by that time fighting only for their footing. They would take each other by the throat merely to save themselves from being hurled about. Whoever got a hold anywhere would kick at the others who caught at his legs and hung on, till a roll sent them flying together across the deck.

The coming of the white devils was a terror. Had they come to kill? Those torn out of the ruck became very limp in the seamen's hands: some, dragged aside by the heels, were passive—like dead bodies, with open, fixed eyes; here and there one would fall on his knees as if begging for mercy: several whom the excess of fear made unruly were hit with hard fists between the eyes, and cowered, while those who were hurt submitted to rough handling,

blinking rapidly without a plaint. Faces streamed with blood: there were raw places on the shaven heads, scratches, bruises, gashes. The broken porcelain out of the chests was mostly responsible for the latter. Here and there a Chinaman with his tail unplaited nursed a bleeding sole.

They had been ranged closely after having been shaken into submission, cuffed a little to allay excitement, addressed in gruff words of encouragement that sounded like promises of evil. They sat on the deck in ghastly, drooping rows; and, at the end, the carpenter, with two hands to help him, moved from place to place, setting taut and hitching the lines. The boatswain, with one leg and one arm embracing a stanchion, was busy with a lamp pressed to his breast, trying to get a light, and growling all the time like an industrious gorilla. The figures of seamen stooped repeatedly, with the movements of gleaners, and everything was being flung into the bunker—clothing, smashed wood, broken china, and the dollars too, gathered up in men's jackets. Now and then one of them would stagger towards the doorway with his arms full of rubbish; and rows of dolorous, slanting eyes followed his movements.

With every roll of the ship the long rows of Celestials would sway forward brokenly, and her headlong dives knocked together the line of shaven polls from end to end. When the wash of tons of water rolling on the deck, within reach of his hand, died away for a moment, it seemed to Jukes, yet quivering from his exertions, that in his mad struggle down there he had overcome the wind somehow; that a silence had fallen upon the ship, a silence in which the sea knocked thunderously at her sides.

Everything had been cleared out of the 'tween-deck; all the wreckage, as the men said. They stood erect and tottering, out of a multitude of heads and drooping shoulders. Here and there a coolie sobbed for his breath; where the high light fell Jukes could see the salient ribs of one, the yellow, wistful face of another; bowed necks; or would meet a dull stare directed at his face. He was amazed that there had been no corpses, but the lot of them seemed at their last gasp, and they appeared to him more pitiful than if they had all been dead.

Suddenly one of the coolies began to speak. The light came and went on his lean, straining face; he threw his head up like a baying hound. From the bunker came the sounds of

knocking and the tinkle of some dollars rolling loose: he stretched out his arm, his mouth yawned black, and the incomprehensible guttural words that did not seem to belong to a human language—a hooting, babbling utterance of the man—startled Jukes as if a brute had tried to be eloquent.

Grunts began to be heard about the 'tween-deck. Two more started mouthing what seemed to Jukes fierce denunciations. He ordered the hands out hurriedly. He went last himself, backing through the door, while the grunts rose to a loud murmur and hands were extended after him as after a malefactor. The boatswain shot the bolt and remarked uneasily:

"Seems as if the wind had dropped, sir."

The men were glad to get back into the alleyway. Secretly each of them thought that at the last moment he could rush out on deck, and that was a comfort. There is something horribly repugnant in the idea of being drowned under a deck. Now they had done with the Chinamen, they again became conscious of the ship's position.

Jukes, on coming out, found himself up to the neck in the noisy water. He gained the bridge and discovered he could see shapes as if his sight had become preternaturally penetrating. He saw faint outlines. They recalled not the familiar aspect of the *Nan-Shan*, but something remembered—an old dismantled steamer he had seen years ago rotting on a mudbank. She recalled that wreck.

There was no wind, not a breath, except the faint currents created by the lurches of the ship. The smoke tossed out of the funnel was setting down upon her deck. He breathed it as he passed forward. He felt the deliberate throb of the engines and heard small sounds that seemed to have survived the great uproar; the knocking of broken fittings, the rapid tumbling of some piece of wreckage on the bridge. He traced the squat shape of his captain holding on to a twisted bridge-rail, motionless, and swaying as if rooted to the planks. The unexpected stillness of the air oppressed him like an overpowering wind.

"We have done it, sir," he gasped.

"Thought you would," said Captain MacWhirr.

"Did you?" murmured Jukes to himself, bitterly.

"Wind fell all at once," went on the Captain. Jukes burst out:

"If you think it was an easy job . . ."

But his captain, clinging to the rail, paid no attention.

"According to the books the worst is not over yet."

"If most of them had n't been half dead with seasickness and fright not one of us would have come out alive," said Jukes.

"Had to do what's fair by them," mumbled MacWhirr, stolidly. "You don't find everything in books."

"Why, I believe they would have risen on us if I had n't ordered the hands out of that, pretty quick," continued Jukes with warmth.

XXI

AFTER the whisper of their shouts their ordinary tones, so distinct, seemed to them very loud in the amazing stillness of the air. It seemed to them they were talking in a dark and echoing vault.

Through a jagged aperture in the dome of clouds the light of a few stars fell upon the black sea, rising and falling confusedly with heavy splashes, all about the ship. Sometimes the head of a watery cone would fall on board and mingle with the rolling flurry of foam on the swamped deck; and the *Nan-Shan* swallowed heavily within a cistern of circular form in the depth of the clouds resting on the sea. This ring of dense vapors gyrating madly around the calm of the centre encompassed the ship like a motionless and unbroken wall of a blackness inconceivably sinister. Within the sea, as if agitated by an internal commotion, leaped in peaked mounds that jostled each other, slapping heavily against the ship, and a low moaning sound—the infinite plaint of the storm's fury—came from beyond the limits of the menacing calm. Captain MacWhirr remained silent and Jukes's ready ear caught suddenly the faint, long-drawn roar of some immense wave rushing under that thick blackness which made the appalling boundary of his vision.

"Of course," he started, "they thought we had caught at the chance to plunder them. Of course! You said—pick up the money. Easier said than done. They could n't tell what was in our heads. We came in, smash! —right into the middle of them. Had to do it by a rush. . . ."

"As long as it's done," mumbled the Captain, without attempting to look at Jukes. "Had to do what's fair."

"We shall find yet there's the devil to pay when this is over," said Jukes, feeling very sore. "Let them only recover a bit and you'll see. They will fly at our throats, sir. Don't

forget, sir, she is n't a British ship now. These brutes know it well, too. The damn'd Siamese flag!"

"We are on board all the same," remarked Captain MacWhirr.

"The trouble's ~~not~~ over yet," insisted Jukes, prophetically, reeling and catching on. "She's a wreck," he added faintly.

"The trouble's not over yet," assented Captain MacWhirr, half aloud. "Look out for her a minute."

"Are you going off the deck, sir?" asked Jukes, hurriedly, as if the storm was sure to pounce upon him as soon as he had been left alone with the ship.

He saw her, battered and solitary, laboring heavily in a wild scene of mountainous black waters lit by the gleams of distant worlds. She moved slowly, breathing into the still core of the hurricane the excess of her strength in a white cloud of steam; and the deep-toned vibration of the escape was like the defiant trumpeting of a living creature of the sea impatient for the renewal of the contest. It ceased suddenly. A moan in the stillness of the air swooped upon Jukes's head.

It was so plain that he looked up. He saw the stars shining into the pit of black vapors marking the circle of rushing winds and headlong seas. The ship was cut off from the peace of the earth. The wall rose high, with smoky drifts issuing from the inky edge that frowned upon the ship under the patch of glittering sky. The stars, too, seemed to look at her intently, as if for the last time, and the cluster of their splendor sat like a diadem on a lowering brow.

Captain MacWhirr had gone into the chart-room. There was no light there, but he could feel the disorder of that place where he used to live tidily. His arm-chair was upset. The books had tumbled out on the floor; he scrunched a piece of glass under his boot. He felt for the matches and found a box on a shelf with a deep ledge. He struck one and, puckering the corners of his eyes, he held out the little flame towards the barometer, whose glittering top of glass and metal nodded at him continuously.

It stood very low,—incredibly low,—so low that Captain MacWhirr grunted. The match went out, and hurriedly he extracted another with thick, stiff fingers.

Again a little flame burst before the nodding glass and metal of the top. His eyes looked at it, out of the puckers, with attention, as if expecting a whisper. With his

grave face he was like a hooded and misshapen pagan burning incense before the oracle of a joss. There was no mistake. It was low.

Captain MacWhirr emitted a low whistle. He forgot himself till the flame diminished to a blue spark, burnt his fingers, and vanished. Perhaps something had gone wrong with the thing?

There was an aneroid glass screwed above the couch. He turned that way, struck another match, and discovered the white face of the instrument looking at him from the bulkhead meaningly, not to be gainsaid, as though the wisdom of men were made unerring by the indifference of matter. There was no room for doubt now. Captain MacWhirr pshawed at it and threw the match down.

The worst was to come, then, and if the books were right this worst would be very bad. The experience of the last six hours had enlarged his conception of what heavy weather could be like. "It'll be terrific," he pronounced mentally. He had not consciously looked at anything by the light of the matches but the barometer, and yet somehow he had seen that the water-bottle and glass had been flung out of their stand. It seemed to give him a more intimate knowledge of the tossing the ship had gone through. "I would n't have believed it," he thought. And his table had been cleared too; his rulers, his pencils, the inkstand,—all the things that had their safe, appointed places,—they were gone from them as if a mischievous hand had plucked them out and flung them on the wet floor. The hurricane had broken in upon the orderly arrangements of his privacy. This had never happened before and the dismay reached the very seat of his composure. And the worst was coming yet! He was glad the trouble in the 'tween-deck had been discovered in time. If she had to go after all, then at least she would n't be going with a lot of people in her, fighting tooth and claw. That would have been odious. And in that feeling there was a humane intention and a vague sense of the fitness of things.

These instantaneous thoughts were yet in their essence heavy and slow, partaking of the nature of the man. He extended his hand to put back the match-box in its corner of the shelf. There were always matches there—by order. The steward had his instructions impressed upon him. "A box—just there, see? Not so very full—where I can put my hand on it, steward. Might want a light in a hurry.

Can't tell on board ship *what* you might want in a hurry. Mind now."

And, of course, on his side he would be careful to put it back scrupulously. He did so now, but before he removed his hand it occurred to him that perhaps he would never have occasion to use that box again. The vividness of the motion checked him, and for an infinitesimal fraction of a second his fingers closed again on the small object. This man, disturbed by a storm, hung on to a match-box absurdly, as though it had been a symbol of all those habits that make manifest the reality of life. He released it at last, and, letting himself fall on the settee, listened for the first sounds of returning wind.

Not yet. He heard only the wash of water, the heavy splashes and the dull shocks of the confused seas boarding his ship from all sides. She would never have a chance to clear her decks.

XXII

THIS quietude of the air was startlingly tense and unsafe, like a slender hair holding a sword suspended over his head. By this awful pause the storm penetrated the defences of the man and unsealed his lips. He spoke out in the solitude and the pitch-darkness of the cabin, as if addressing another being awakened into a stir of life within his breast.

"I should n't like to lose her," he said, half aloud.

He sat unseen, apart from the sea, from his ship, isolated, as if withdrawn from the very current of his own existence, where such freaks as talking to himself surely had no place. His palms reposed on his knees, he bowed his bull-neck and breathed heavily, surrendering to a strange sensation of weariness, but was not enlightened enough to recognize in it the fatigue of mental stress.

From where he sat he could reach the door of a wash-stand locker. There should have been a towel there. There was. Good! He wiped his face, then went on rubbing his wet head. He towelled himself with energy in the dark, and then sat still with the towel on his knees. A moment passed in which one could not have known there was a man sitting in that cabin. Then a murmur arose.

"She may come out of it yet."

When Captain MacWhirr came out on deck, which he did brusquely, as though he had suddenly become conscious of having stayed away

too long, the calm had lasted already more than fifteen minutes—long enough to make itself intolerable even to his imagination. Jukes, motionless on the forepart of the bridge, began to speak at once. His voice, blank and forced, as though he were talking through hard-set teeth, seemed to spread out on all sides into the darkness, deepening again upon the confused unrest of the sea.

"I had the wheel relieved. Hackett began to call he was done. He's lying in there alongside the steering-gear with a face like death. At first I could n't get anybody to crawl out. That bo's'n's worse than no good, I always said. Thought I would have had to go myself and haul out one of them by the neck."

"Ah, well!" muttered the Captain. He stood watchful by Jukes's side.

"The second mate's in there, too, holding his head. Is he hurt, sir?"

"No, crazy," said Captain MacWhirr, with decision.

"Looks as if he had a tumble, though."

"I had to give him a push," explained the Captain.

Jukes gave an impatient sigh.

"It will come very sudden," said Captain MacWhirr, "and from over there, I fancy. God only knows, though. These books are only good to muddle your head and make you jumpy. It will be bad, and there's an end. If we only can steam her round in time to meet it! . . ."

A minute passed. Some of the stars winked rapidly and went out.

"You left them pretty safe?" began the Captain abruptly, as though the silence were unbearable.

"Are you thinking of the coolies, sir? I rigged life-lines all ways across that 'ween-deck."

"Did you? Good idea, Mr. Jukes."

"I did n't—think you cared to—know," said Jukes,—the lurching of the ship cut his speech as though somebody had been jerking him around while he talked—"how I got on with—that infernal job. We did it. And it may not matter in the end."

"Had to do what's fair, for all—they are only Chinamen. Give them the same chance with ourselves—hang it all! She is n't lost yet. Bad enough to be shut up—below in a gale——"

"That's what I thought when you gave me the job, sir," interjected Jukes, moodily.

"—without being battered to pieces," pursued Captain MacWhirr, with rising vehe-

mence. "Could n't let that go on in my ship—if I knew she had n't five minutes to live. Could n't bear it, Mr. Jukes."

A hollow, rolling noise, like that of a shout echoing in a rocky chasm, approached the ship and went away again. The last star, blurred, enlarged, as if turning into the fiery mist of its beginning, struggled with the colossal depth of blackness hanging over the ship—and went out.

"Now for it!" muttered Captain MacWhirr. "Mr. Jukes."

"Here, sir."

The two men were growing indistinct to each other. The gathering darkness embraced, absorbed their erect figures into the opaque gloom.

"We must trust her to go through and come out on the other side. That's plain and straight. There's no room for Captain Wilson's storm-strategy here."

"No, sir."

"She will be smothered and swept again for hours," mumbled the Captain. "There's not much left above deck for the sea to take away—unless you or me."

"Both, sir?" whispered Jukes, breathlessly.

"You are always meeting trouble half-way, Jukes," Captain MacWhirr remonstrated, quaintly. "Though it's a fact that the second mate is no good. D' ye hear, Mr. Jukes? You would be left alone if"

Captain MacWhirr interrupted himself, and Jukes, glancing on all sides, remained silent.

"Don't you be put out by anything," the Captain continued, mumbling rather fast. "Keep her facing it. They may say what they like, but the heaviest seas run with the wind. Facing it—always facing it—that's the way to get through. You are a young sailor. Face it. That's enough work for any man. Keep a cool head."

"Yes, sir," said Jukes, with a flutter of the heart. In the next few seconds the Captain spoke to the engine-room and got an answer. For some reason Jukes experienced an access of confidence, a thing that came from outside like a warm breath and made him feel equal to every demand. The distant muttering of the darkness stole into his ears. He noted it unmoved, out of that sudden belief in himself, as a man in a shirt of mail would watch a point.

The ship labored without intermission amongst the black hills of water, paying with this hard tumbling the price of her life. She rumbled in her depths, shaking a white plum-

met of steam into the night, and Jukes's thought darted like a skimming bird through the engine-room where Mr. Rout—good man—was ready. When the rumbling ceased it seemed to him that there was a pause of every sound, a dead pause, in which Captain MacWhirr's voice rang out startlingly.

"What's that? A puff?" It spoke much louder than Jukes had ever heard it before. "On the bow? That's right. She may come out of it yet."

The mutter of the winds drew near apace. In the forefront could be distinguished a drowsy, waking plaint passing on—and far off the growth of a multiple clamor, marching and expanding. There was the throb as of many drums in it, a vicious, rushing note, and like the chant of a tramping multitude.

Jukes could no longer see his captain distinctly. The darkness was absolutely piling itself up upon the ship. At most he made out movements, a hint of elbows spread out, of a head thrown up. Captain MacWhirr was trying to do up the top button of his coat with unwonted haste. The hurricane that has the power to madden the seas, to sink ships, to uproot trees, to overturn strong walls, and dash the very birds of the air to the ground had found this taciturn man in its path and, doing its utmost, had managed to make him loquacious. Before the renewed wrath of the winds swooped on the ship, Captain MacWhirr found time to declare, in a tone of vexation as it were: "I would n't like to lose her."

He was spared that annoyance.

XXIII

WHEN the *Nan-Shan* came to an anchor the sunshine was bright, the breeze fresh. She came in from a green, hard sea, green like a furrowed slab of jade, streaked and splashed with frosted silver. Even before her story got about, her arrival was noticed on shore and the seamen in harbor said: "Look! Look at that steamer. What's that? Siamese—is n't she? Just look at her."

She seemed indeed to have served as a target for the secondary batteries of a whole fleet. A hail of shells could not have given her upper works a more broken, torn, and devastated aspect; and she had about her the worn, weary air of ships coming from the far ends of the world—and, indeed, with truth, for in her short passage she had been very far, sighting, verily, even the coast of the Great Beyond, whence no ship ever returns to give up her crew to the dust of the earth. She was

incrusted and gray with salt to the trucks of her masts and to the top of her funnel; as though, as some facetious seaman said, "the crowd on board had fished her out somewhere from the bottom of the sea and brought her in here for salvage." And further, excited by the felicity of his own wit, he offered to give five pounds for her—"as she stands."

Before she had been quite an hour at rest a meagre little man, with a red-tipped nose and a face cast in an angry mould, landed from a sampan on the quay of the Foreign Concession and incontinently turned to shake his fist at her. A tall individual with legs much too thin for a rotund stomach, and with watery eyes, strolled up and remarked:

"Just left her—eh? Quick work."

He wore a soiled suit of blue flannel, with a pair of dirty cricketing shoes; a dingy gray moustache drooped from his lip, and daylight could be seen in two places between the rim and the crown of his hat.

"Hallo! What are you doing here?" asked the ex-second mate of the *Nan-Shan*, shaking hands hurriedly.

"Standing by—chance worth taking—got a quiet hint," explained the man with the broken hat, in hollow, apathetic wheezes.

The second shook his fist again at the ship.

"There's a fellow there that ain't fit to have charge of a scow," he declared, quivering with passion, while the other looked about listlessly.

"Is there?"

But he caught sight on the quay of a heavy seaman's chest, painted brown under a fringed sailcloth cover, and lashed with new manila line. He eyed it with pensive interest.

"I would talk and raise trouble if it was n't for that damned Siamese flag. Nobody to go to—or I would make it hot for him, the fraud! Told his chief—that's another fraud for you—I had lost my nerve. The greatest lot of ignorant fools that ever sailed the seas! No! You can't think . . ."

"Got your money all right?" inquired his seedy acquaintance, suddenly.

"Yes. Paid me off on board," raged the second mate. "Get your breakfast on shore," says he."

"Mean skunk!" commented the tall man, vaguely, and passed his tongue on his lips. "What about having a drink of some sort?"

"He struck me," hissed the second mate.

"No! You don't say!" The man in blue began to bustle about exceedingly. "Can't possibly talk here. I want to know all about

it. Struck—eh? Let's get a fellow for your chest. I know a quiet place."

Mr. Jukes, who had been scanning the shore through a pair of glasses, informed the chief engineer afterwards that "our late second mate has n't been long in finding a friend. A chap looking uncommonly like a bummer. I saw them walk away together from the quay."

The hammering and banging of the needful repairs did not disturb Captain MacWhirr. The steward found, in the letter he wrote in a tidy chartroom, passages of such absorbing interest that twice he was nearly caught in the act; but Mrs. MacWhirr, in the drawing-room of the forty pound house, stifled a yawn—perhaps out of self-respect. For she was alone.

She reclined in a plush-bottomed and gilt hammock-chair, near a tiled fireplace, with Japanese fans on the mantel and a glow of coals in the grate. Lifting her hands from time to time she glanced wearily here and there into the many pages. It was not her fault they were so prosy, so completely uninteresting—from "*My darling wife*" at the beginning to "*Your loving husband*" at the end. She could n't be really expected to understand all these ship affairs. She was glad, of course, to hear from him, but she had never asked herself why, precisely. ". . . They are called typhoons . . . not in books. . . . The mate did not seem to like it . . . could n't think of letting it go on. . . ."

She rustled the pages. ". . . A calm that lasted over twenty minutes," she read perfunctorily, and the next words her thoughtless eyes caught on the top of another page, were, "See you and the children again. . . ." He was always thinking of coming home. He had never had such a good salary.

It did not occur to her to turn back over the leaf to look. She would have found it recorded there that between 4 and 6 A.M., on the 25th of December, Captain MacWhirr did actually think that his ship could not possibly live in such a sea, and that he would never see his wife and children again. Nobody was to know this (his letters got mislaid and lost so often)—nobody but the steward, who had been greatly impressed by that disclosure; so much so, that he risked trying to give the cook some idea of the "narrow squeak we all had" by saying solemnly, "The old man himself had a damn poor opinion of our chance." "How do you know?" asked contemptuously the cook—an old soldier. "He has n't told you, maybe?" "Well, he did drop something," the steward stammered. "Get along with

you! He will be coming to tell me next," jeered the old cook over his shoulder.

Mrs. MacWhirr glanced further, on the alert. ". . . Do what's fair. . . . Miserable objects. . . . Only three, with a broken leg each, and one . . . Thought had better keep the matter quiet . . . hope to have done the fair thing. . . ."

She let her hands fall. No. There was nothing about coming home. Must have been expressing merely a pious wish. Mrs. MacWhirr's mind was at ease, and a black marble clock, priced by the local jeweller at £3 18s. 6d., had a discreet stealthy tick.

The door flew open and a girl in the long-legged, short-frocked period of existence flung into the room. A lot of colorless, rather lanky hair was scattered over her shoulders. Seeing her mother, she stood still and directed her pale, prying eyes upon the letter.

"From father," murmured Mrs. MacWhirr. "What have you done with your ribbon?"

The girl put her hands up and pouted.

"He's well," continued Mrs. MacWhirr, languidly. "At least, I think so. He never says." She had a little laugh. The girl's face expressed a blank, wandering indifference, and Mrs. MacWhirr surveyed her with fond pride.

"Go and get your hat," she said after a while. "I am going out to do some shopping. There is a sale at Linom's."

"Oh, how jolly!" uttered the child, impressively, in unexpectedly grave vibrating tones, and bounded out.

XXIV

THE afternoon was fine; the sidewalks were dry. Outside the draper's, Mrs. MacWhirr smiled upon a woman in a black mantle of generous proportions, armoured in jet, ornate with flowers blooming falsely above a bilious matronly countenance. They broke into a swift little babble of greetings and exclamations both together, very hurried, as if the street were ready to yawn open and swallow all that pleasure before it could be adequately voiced.

Behind them the high glass doors were kept on the swing, people could n't pass, men stood aside waiting patiently, and Lydia was absorbed in poking the end of her parasol between the stone flags. Mrs. MacWhirr talked rapidly.

"Thank you so much! This very day. He's not coming home yet. Of course, it's very sad to have him away, but it's such a comfort

to know he keeps so well!" Mrs. MacWhirr drew breath: "The climate there agrees with him," she added, beamingly, as if poor MacWhirr had been away touring in China for the sake of his health.

Neither was the chief engineer coming home yet. Mr. Rout knew too well the value of a good billet.

"Solomon says wonders will never cease," cried Mrs. Rout, joyously, at the old lady in her arm-chair by the fire. Mr. Rout's mother moved slightly her withered hands lying in black half-mittens on her lap.

The engineer's wife's eyes fairly danced on the paper.

"That captain of the ship he is in—a rather simple man—you remember, mother?—has done something rather clever, Solomon says."

"Yes, my dear," said the old woman meekly, sitting with bowed silvery head, and that air of still, far-away meditation only very old people have, as if absorbed in nursing the last flickers of life, "I think I remember."

Solomon, Old Sol, Father Sol, The Chief, "Rout, good man—" Mr. Rout, the austere and paternal friend of youth, had been the baby of her many children—all dead now. And she remembered him best as a boy of ten—before he went away to serve his time in some great engineering works in the North. She had seen so little of him since; she had gone through so many years that she had now to retrace her steps to meet him again in the mist of time. Sometimes it seemed as if her daughter-in-law were talking of some strange man.

Mrs. Rout, junior, was disappointed. "H'm, h'm." She turned the page. "How provoking! He does n't say what it is. Says I could n't understand how much there was in it. Fancy! What could it be, so very clever? What a wretched man not to tell us!"

She read on without further remark, soberly, and at last sat looking silently into the fire. The Chief wrote just a word or two about the typhoon, but something had moved him to express his growing desire for the companionship of the jolly woman. "If it had n't been that mother must be looked after, I would send you your passage money to-day. You could set up a small house out here. I could see you sometimes then. We are not growing younger. . . ."

"He's well, mother," sighed Mrs. Rout, rousing herself.

"He always was a strong, healthy boy," said the old woman, placidly.

. But it was Mr. Jukes's account that was really animated and interesting. His friend in the Western Ocean trade imparted it freely to the other officers. "A chap I know writes to me about an extraordinary affair that happened on board his ship in that typhoon—you know—that was in the papers two months ago. It's the funniest thing. Just see for yourself what he says. I'll show you his letter."

There were phrases in it calculated to give the impression of light-hearted indomitable resolution. Jukes had written them in good faith, for he felt thus when he wrote. He described with lurid effect the scenes in the 'tween-deck. ". . . It struck me in a flash that those confounded Chinamen could n't tell we were n't a desperate kind of robbers. 'T is n't good to part the Chinaman from his money if he is the stronger party. We need have been desperate indeed to go thieving in such weather, but what could these beggars know of us? So, without thinking of it twice, I got the hands away in a jiffy. Our work was done—that the old man had set his heart about. We cleared out without staying to inquire how they felt. I am convinced that if they had not been so unmercifully shaken, and afraid—each individual one of them—to stand up, we would have been torn to pieces. Oh! it was pretty complete, I can tell you; and you may run to and fro across the pond to the end of time before you find yourself with such a job in your hands."

After this he alluded professionally to the damage done to the ship and went on thus:

"It was when the weather quieted down that the situation became confoundedly delicate. It was n't made any better by us having been lately transferred to the Siamese flag; though the skipper can't see that it makes any difference—as long as *we* are on board,' he says. There are feelings that this man simply has n't got—and there's an end of it. You might just as well try to make a bedpost understand. But apart from this, it is an infernally lonely state for a ship to be going about in the China Seas with no proper Consuls, not even a gunboat of her own anywhere—not a body to go to in case of some trouble.

"My notion was to keep them under hatches another fifteen hours or so; we were n't much further than that from Fuchau. We would find there most likely some sort of a man-of-war, and once under her guns we were safe enough, for surely any skipper of a man-of-war, English, French, or Dutch, would see

white men through as far as a row on board goes. We could get rid of them and their money by delivering them to their Mandarins or Two-tail, or whatever they call these chaps in goggles you see being carried in sedan chairs about their stinking streets.

"The old man would n't see it, somehow. He wanted to keep the matter quiet. He got that notion into his head and a steam windlass could n't drag it out of him. He wanted as little fuss made as possible, 'for the sake of the ship's name and the owners, for the sake of all concerned,' says he, looking at me very hard. It made me angry, hot. Of course you couldn't keep a thing like that quiet, but the chests had been secured in the usual manner, and were safe enough for any earthly gale, but this had been an altogether fiendish business I could n't give you even an idea of.

"Meantime I could hardly keep on my feet. None of us had had a spell of any sort for nearly thirty hours, and here he sat rubbing his chin, rubbing the top of his head, and so bothered he did n't even think of taking his long boots off.

"'I hope, sir,' says I, 'you won't be letting them out on deck before we make ready for them in some shape or other.' Not, mind you—that I felt very sanguine about controlling if they took charge. Trouble with a cargo of Chinamen is no child's play; I was dam tired, too. 'I wish,' said I, 'we could throw the whole lot of these dollars down to them and let them fight it out amongst themselves, while we get a rest.'

"Now you talk wild, Jukes," says he, looking up in his slow way, that makes you ache all over, somehow. "We must plan out something that would be fair to all parties."

XXV

"I HAD no end of work on hand, and by and by I set the hands going, and then I thought I would turn in a bit. I had n't been in my bunk ten minutes when in rushes the steward and begins to pull at my leg.

"For God's sake, Mr. Jukes, come out! Come on deck, quick, sir! Oh, do come out!"

"The fellow scared all the sense out of me. I did n't know what had happened—another hurricane, or what. Could hear no wind.

"The Captain's letting them out. Oh, he is letting them out! Jump on deck, sir, and save us. The chief engineer has just run below for his revolver."

"That's what the fool made me understand..

However, Father Rout swears he went in there to get a clean pocket-handkerchief. Anyhow, I made one jump into my trousers and flew on deck aft. There was certainly a good deal of noise going on where I could n't see forward of the bridge. Four of the hands with the bo's'n were at work abaft. I passed up to them through the sky-light, some of the rifles all the ships on the China coast carry in the cabin and led them on the bridge. On the way I ran against Old Sol, looking startled and sucking at an unlighted cigar. 'Come along' I shouted to him.

"We charged, seven of us, up to the chart-room. All was over. There was the old man, with his sea boots still drawn up to the hips and in shirt-sleeves—got warm thinking it out, I suppose. Bun Lim's dandy clerk stood at his elbow, as dirty as a sweep and still green in the face. I could see directly I was in for something.

"What the devil are these monkey tricks, Mr. Jukes?" asks the old man, as angry as ever he could be. I tell you frankly it made me lose my tongue.

"For God's sake, Mr. Jukes," says he, 'do take away these rifles from the men. Somebody's sure to get shot before long if you don't. Damme, if this ship is n't worse than Bedlam! Look sharp, now! I want you up here to help me and Bun Lim's Chinaman to count that money. You would n't mind lending a hand, too, Mr. Rout, now you are here? The more of us the better.'

"He had settled it all while I was having a snooze. Had we been an English ship, or only going to land our cargo of coolies in an English port like Hong-Kong, for instance, there would have been no end of inquiries and bother, claims for damages, and so on. But these Chinamen know their officials better than we do.

"The old man had the hatches taken off, and they were all on deck after a night and a day down below. It made you feel queer to see so many gaunt, wild faces together. The beggars were staring at the sky, at the sea, at the ship, as though they had expected the whole thing to have been blown to pieces. And no wonder. They had a doing that would have shaken the soul out of a white man. But then they say a Chinaman has no soul. He has, though, something about him that is deuced tough. There was a fellow (amongst others of the badly hurt) who had had his eye all but knocked out. It stood out of his head awful swollen, like

half a hen's egg. This would have laid a white man on his back; and there was that chap elbowing here and there and talking to the others as if nothing was the matter. They made a great hubbub amongst themselves, and whenever the old man showed his bald head on the foreside of the bridge, they would all leave off and look at him.

"After he had done his thinking he made that Bun Lim's fellow go down and explain to them how they could get their money. He told me afterwards that all the coolies having worked in the same place and for the same length of time, he reckoned he would be doing the fair thing by them as near as possible, if he distributed all we had picked up equally among the lot. You could n't tell one man's dollars from another's, and if you asked each man he was afraid they would lie and he would find himself a long way short. I think he was right there. As to giving up the cash into the hands of any Chinese official he could scare up in Fuchau, he said he might just as well put the money in his pocket at once, for all the good it would be to them. I suppose they thought so too.

"We finished the distribution before dark. It was rather a sight: the sea running high, the ship a wreck to look at, these Chinamen staggering on the bridge one by one for their share; and the old man, still booted and in his shirt-sleeves, solemnly busy paying out, perspiring like anything, and now and then coming down sharp on myself or Father Rout about one thing or another not quite to his mind. He himself took the share of those who were disabled to them on the No. 2 hatch. There were three dollars left over, and these went to three most damaged coolies—one to each. We turned to afterwards and shovelled out on deck heaps of wet rags, all sorts of fragments of things without shape, and that you could n't give a name to, and let them settle the ownership themselves.

"This certainly is coming as near as can be to keeping the thing quiet for the benefit of all concerned. What's your opinion, you pampered Mail-boat swell? The Old Chief says that this was plainly the only thing that could be done. The skipper remarked to me the other day, 'These are things you find nothing about in books.' I think that he had not done badly for such a stupid man. . . ."

The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of *THE CRITIC*, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are *Cornelia Atwood Pratt*, *Rev. Charles James Wood*, *Prof. N. S. Shaler*, *Admiral S. B. Luce*, *Fennette Barbour Perry*, *Gerald Stanley Lee*, *Christian Brinton*, *Ruth Putnam*, *P. G. Hubert, Jr.*, *Carolyn Shipman*, *Edith M. Thomas*, *Dr. William Elliot Griffis*, and the editor.

ART

Huddleston—Lessons from Greek Pottery. To which is added a Bibliography of Greek Ceramics. By John Homer Huddleston, A.B., Ph.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Maine. Illustrated. Macmillan. \$1.25.

Continuing in the field which he so admirably initiated with "Greek Tragedy in the Light of Vase Paintings," Dr. Huddleston here gives his subject wider significance. Though still occupied more with scholastic than with archaeological or aesthetic issues, the author by no means neglects the latter, and, in fact, aims to make his appeal general. The present monograph forms a clear and suggestive introduction to a study of Greek ceramics, and is supplemented with cuts chiefly from Furtwängler and Reinach, and an excellent Bibliography.

Menpes—Japan: A Record in Color. By Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. London: Black; New York: Macmillan. \$6.00.

It will not perhaps be unkind to Mr. Menpes the artist to say that Mr. Menpes the author is hardly his equal. The hundred colored plates which enrich this book reflect with sympathy and fidelity the painter's impressions of Japanese life and character; the letterpress is inconsequential—trivial, almost.

Persistent appreciation of things Japanese and depreciation of things "Western" produces an effect contrary to the one desired. In sheer perversity one begins to weary of these engaging Japs who are not only the essence of things aesthetic, but who "will at no distant date forge ahead of other nations . . . and become a dominating power." The "record in color," however, quite recompenses—many of these water-colors and studies in oil showing depth and brilliancy of tone and refreshing vigor of handling. The child studies are enchanting, and small wonder, for Japanese children are themselves irresistibly picturesque.

Staley—Watteau, Master-Painter of the Fêtes Galantes. By Edgcumbe Staley, B.A. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters). Illustrated. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan. 50 cts.

Within the compass of a format which is unquestionably miniature, Mr. Staley has man-

aged to trace an accurate and sympathetic silhouette of Watteau. There is nothing fresh added, nor is the familiar restated with new appeal, but the result serves to answer restricted requirements. A more concise knowledge of French on the part of author or proof-reader—or both—would have improved the volume: *première* for *première* and *coiffures* for *coiffures* are almost too palpable for one's serenity of mind.

BELLES LETTRES

Clavière—The Art of Life. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. Putnam. \$1.75 net.

M. de Maulde la Clavière stands alone in a field which he has made his in virtue of learning tempered by lightness of touch and seriousness spiced with delicate wit. "The Art of Life" reflects the same piquant qualities displayed in "Women of the Renaissance." Though addressed primarily to women, it is a tribute to the social fabric, and will appeal to both sexes. The author cites with charming felicity mediæval mystic, and modern scientist, he calls the flowers of many minds and weaves them into gracious garlands; he is always diverting, and, in touching upon the art of life, he never fails himself to be an artist. Mr. Ely's rendering of a difficult and elusive text shames most translations from the French; it is a pleasure to read a version so exact and so spirited.

Clear—Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear (Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll). Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75.

Whatever subject Claudius Clear may choose—whether life or manners or people—he will not lack readers. Every one wants to know what he will say on "The Art of Taking Things Coolly" as well as on "The Art of Conversation"; and most of us are interested in knowing "How to Remember and How to Forget." Dr. Nicoll has done many things to win the gratitude of his generation,—notably he found Mr. Barrie for us,—but many readers will count these "Letters on Life" not the least of the debt they owe the genial doctor. If there are others who find the sentiments of the letters a little familiar and the manner of expression not altogether new, it is their privilege to leave them unread.

BIOGRAPHY.

Gibson—William Hamilton Gibson. By John Coleman Adams. Illustrated. Putnam. \$2.00.

The story of a plucky New England boy, who becomes an artist through sheer courage and persistency, is wholesome reading for anyone. Mr. Adams is in sympathy with his subject, and he writes with a rugged directness that suits the character he is seeking to bring out. The Life of William Hamilton Gibson should be in every library—not tucked away on the shelves, but lying handy on a table where a boy may pick it up for a moment, out of curiosity, and forget to put it down.

Hill—Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends. By Constance Hill. Lane. \$6.00.

This is very delightful, if somewhat discursive, reading for all lovers of Jane Austen and her gentle art. The sub-title of the book tells us what it is about. There is little new matter concerning Miss Austen herself; her uneventful life has long been known to the public, but many people whose paths crossed hers and things that touched her are brought before us in a pleasant, appreciative manner. The work has been a labor of love of this sympathetic admirer of "dear Aunt Jane," as she would fain call her; there were pilgrimages to the "Homes," and gatherings from many sources, and the result shows an intimate knowledge of the subject. The possible, hidden romance of Miss Austen's life is touched upon and shown to be more probable than has been generally thought. The book is daintily illustrated and contains some interesting photogravures. Is the error, line 24, page 104, of "seem" for "seems" a slip of the "contemporary writer's?"

FICTION

Colton—The Debatable Land. By Arthur Colton. Harper. \$1.50.

This is a story of the War of the Rebellion. It has a good deal of exciting and clear-cut incident mingled with a good deal of vague dreaminess. The first third of the book is difficult to read, and sounds as if Mr. Colton had paid too much attention to the fiction of the '60's—the stories to be found in the old Harper's and Atlantics—and had taken the color of the period from them. Everybody who has ever examined the fiction of that date knows that it is rather "moony." You don't know what is happening and you can't find out, although you notice that the actors seem to think it all very important. It is a pity that Mr. Colton should seem to follow such bad models, for he has genuine gifts of insight and poetic feeling. If he will add to these definition and vividness, if he can make his people real, he will find more readers and grateful ones.

Gray—Bath Robes and Bachelors and Other Good Things. By Arthur Gray. Caldwell. 50 cts.

It is merciful that the "other good things" in this volume are better than the initial story.

Peck—Alabama Sketches. By Samuel Minton Peck. McClurg. \$1.00.

It would be difficult to devise anything more innocuous than the sketches and tales which form this volume. They contain lush doses of sentimentality and negro dialect, and show neither constructive ability nor grasp of character.

Rosegger—The God Seeker. By Peter Rosegger. Translated by Frances E. Skinner. Putnam. \$1.50.

"The God Seeker," like its predecessor, "The Forest Schoolmaster," is full of the strange, Pagan gloom of mighty forests. Across the gloom the light of a cross sends its weird, indecisive gleams; and the hearts of the forest dwellers turn to it, in hope and in hate, as the problem of life solves itself for the village cut off and accursed in the midst of the forest wildness.

Serao—The Ballet Dancer. By Matilde Serao. Harper. \$1.50.

A piece of consummate realism is the history of Camela Minino, the ballet dancer—good, simple, alone in the world, with her secret love for the brilliant man whose eyes have never so much as turned in her direction. Although much slighter than "The Land of Cockayne," which introduced the series of translations from this novelist, it furnishes a much juster example of her powers and her penetration.

White—Stratagems and Spoils. By William Allen White. Scribner. \$1.50.

Mr. White's stories of politics and human nature are pretty good politics and excellent human nature. There is by no means so much of art or charm in them as in his "Boyville" stories, but, to be frank, Mr. White can see the poetic side of childhood while the poetic side of maturity is either hidden from him entirely, or else temporarily obscured by the dust of the conflicts in which maturity engages. He rightly thinks that these conflicts are about the most interesting things that happen to the sons of Adam. Greed for money, pride of place, ambition for power and such earthy sentiments are some of the strongest springs that control our actions; things happen when these motives come into play, life gets dramatic, and there is sport to be had in watching and recording it.

This, certainly, is not the highest conception of life and literature of which Mr. White is capable, but it is the one in force in this volume of stories. No man does his best work except under the impulsion of his highest conception of things, and so this is not Mr. White's best work, but it is absorbing and entertaining.

HISTORY

Jenks—Edward Plantagenet (Edward I.), the English Justinian, or the Making of the Common Law. By Edward Jenks, M.A. (Heroes of the Nations.) Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.50.

One of the best volumes in a notable series is

Mr. Jenks's "Edward Plantagenet," written, the author modestly says, by "a mere lawyer." If all historians wrote with such clearness and simplicity as Mr. Jenks, and sketched given periods with equal knowledge and insight, history in general would be better reading. Introduced by chapters on "The Middle Ages in Europe," "The Emergence of Modern Europe," and "England in the Thirteenth Century," the book passes on toward a specific account of Edward's life and fortunes, with special reference to the making of English Common Law, and closes with a summation of the "King and his Work." Mr. Jenks's previous researches in allied fields have made it possible for him to throw into relief the most significant legacies of Edward's reign, and as mere history the picture is equally complete.

Lang—The Mystery of Mary Stuart. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Mr. Lang does not claim to have said the last word in the tragedy of Mary Stuart. She and Marie Antoinette will probably continue to furnish "copy" for ages to come. As long as the "copy" is given to us in the manner of this book it will continue to be welcome. Pictures of the *dramatis personæ* of the Mystery give a brilliant impression of the ethics of the period following the Reformation in Scotland. The examination of much new material and the careful investigation of all documents bearing on the case add historic value to the book. Mr. Lang forms no conclusions; the "Mystery" is not unveiled, but the fascinating Queen stands before us in all the charm of her beauty and misfortune, surrounded by her treacherous and unruly nobles, and on finishing the book we feel that we have sat at the trial by an impartial court of justice, that was never accorded her in her lifetime, and can act as judge and jury for ourselves, resting assured that we have heard all the evidence in the case.

Miller—Mediaeval Rome. From Hildebrand to Clement VIII., 1073-1600. By William Miller, M.A., author of "The Balkans," etc. (The Story of the Nations.) Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.50.

In telling the story of mediaeval Rome, the author places students of Rome largely in his debt, for there does not seem to exist in convenient form a history covering this period. The great work of Gregorovius repels any but specialists and neither Gibbon nor Hallam treats the subject *in extenso* within its specific limits. Mr. Miller's narrative is both picturesque and accurate, and the volume forms a welcome addition to a series which has long since achieved merited popularity.

Shoemaker—Palaces, Prisons, and Resting Places of Mary Queen of Scots. By Michael Myers Shoemaker. Revised for the Press by Thomas Allan Croal, F.S.A. (Scot.) Illustrated. Virtue. £5 5s. net.

The main appeal of this sumptuous volume is made through its pictorial rather than its strictly historical features. It is a visible

record of the halting places of Queen Mary during a sad and romantic career, which dawned at Linlithgow and closed with her final betrayal at Fotheringhay. The illustrations, which number fifty in all, include a facsimile portrait in colors, nine photogravure plates, twenty full-page cuts, besides numerous portraits and incidental head-and-tail pieces. It has been the author's aim to include a picture of every important place of residence or imprisonment of Mary Queen of Scots, the whole to be accompanied by just sufficient letterpress to outline the narrative with intelligence and sympathy. It need only be added that on these novel and interesting lines the work has achieved decided success. The Middle-Age castles and Renaissance châteaux of Scotland, England, and France here reproduced offer much to the student of architecture as well as to the historian, and those interested in portraiture can but welcome the inclusion of numerous hitherto unpublished portraits from the Duc d'Aumale's Collection at Chantilly. All that touches upon Mary is of enduring interest, and Mr. Shoemaker's labors are much in the nature of a tribute, and a welcome one, to the memory of a beautiful, hapless queen.

MISCELLANEOUS

Muir—Our National Parks. By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75, net.

"In this book," says the author, "I have done the best I could to show forth the beauty, grandeur, and all-embracing usefulness of our wild mountain forest reservations and parks, with a view of inciting the people to come and enjoy them, and get them into their hearts, that so at length their preservation and right use might be made sure." The task was an important one, and no one could have done it more competently in every way than this ardent lover of nature and seeker after her secrets, who knows the forest reservations and national parks better, perhaps, than any other living man, and is able to make his readers feel the potency of the charm they possess for himself. A dozen illustrations add to the book's attractiveness.

Parker—Ping-Pong: The Game and How to Play It. By Arnold Parker. Illustrated. Putnam. 40 cts.

After desolating our firesides (by causing the adjournment of the family to the dining-room) Ping-Pong is now trying to break into the hallowed precincts of literature. The opening pages of this book occupy themselves, not in a "table of technical terms" or "rules of the game," but in a careful and elaborate conjugation of the verb "to Ping"—even to the participles! There is also an opening chapter naively entitled "History," in which the admission is made that the game properly came into existence in the year 1900. The book is, however, undoubtedly useful to the Ping-Pong enthusiast, for it instructs in all the intricacies of serves, cuts, back-hands, and "stone-walls," and is illustrated with many enlightening diagrams and pictures. The

author, Arnold Parker, has writ impressively after his name: "Winner of the Queen's Hall Open Ping-Pong Tournament, and of the second prize Table-Tennis Championship of England."

Schwarz—Forest Trees and Forest Scenery.
By G. Frederick Schwarz. The Grafton Press. \$1.50.

"Forest Trees" is a simple, straightforward inquiry into the sources of beauty and attraction in the American forest trees, and a short account of some of the aesthetic effects of the artificial forests of Europe. It is a wholesome variation on the sentimental outpourings of so-called nature-books.

POETRY AND VERSE

Dole-Walker—Flowers from the Persian Poets.
Edited by Nathan Haskell Dole and Belle M. Walker. 2 vols. Crowell. \$4.00.

In two volumes, bound in green and gold, and with a green border enclosing the type in each of its 590 pages, or so, selections are here presented from the eight chief poets of Persia—Firdansi, Omar Khayyam, Nizami, Rumi, Esedi, Sadi, Hafiz, and Vami. The version of "The Rubaiyat" chosen by the editors is an anonymous one, accredited to E. A. Johnson. Besides a general introduction, there are biographical introductions, and textual notes.

Fletcher—Odin's Last Hour, and Other Poems.
By Henry McD. Fletcher. The Neely Co. \$1.50.

The author "offers no apology for the publication of this volume," claiming a constitutional right, as a citizen, to publish it if he wishes to. Some of the poems, he tells us, are humorous. From one point of view or another, nearly all of them are. But the author's right to print them is incontestable.

Onderdonk—History of American Verse, 1610-1897. By James L. Onderdonk. McClurg & Co. \$1.50.

A painstaking piece of work, which will be found especially interesting for its *résumé* of the achievements of early colonial verse-writers, from the founding of the Jamestown Colony down to Freneau, "The Laureate of

the Revolution." This section of the work covers much scattered material from sources likely to be overlooked by the general reader.

SIBERIA—Guide to the Great Siberian Railway.

Published by the Ministry of Ways of Communication. Edited by A. I. Dmitriev-Mamonov and A. F. Zdziarski, Railway Engineer. English translation by Miss L. Kukol-Yasnopolsky. Revised by John Marshall. With 2 phototypes, 360 photogravures, 4 maps of Siberia, and 3 plans of towns. Putnam. \$3.50 net.

Nothing could better clarify the minds of most people in regard to Russian aims and achievements than the publication of the present volume. Handsomely bound and printed, amply illustrated, and written with singular accuracy of detail and breadth of vision, the work is far more than a mere railway guide-book. The opening chapter is devoted to a "Geographical and Historical Review of Siberia," and subsequent divisions treat not only of the railway itself and what it stands for, but of coincident topics, whether industrial, educational, or ethnographical. Those who contemplate a trip along this marvellous ribbon of steel which the Russians have stretched across their dominions or those who are interested in Russia *per se*, will find the volume one of singular value and interest. It has been prepared with an industry and a thoroughness which are little short of phenomenal, and reflects in miniature those indomitable qualities which called into being the undertaking it memorializes.

Story—Swiss Life in Town and Country. By Alfred Thomas Story. ("Our European Neighbors.") Illustrated. Putnam. \$1.20 net.

That Mr. Story's monograph on "Swiss Life" is not so able a study as Mr. Dawson's "German Life," nor so sprightly a presentation as Miss Lynch's "French Life," is less Mr. Story's fault than the fault of Switzerland itself. Political, social, and domestic life in a country whose chief feature is its perpendicularity is bound to be restricted. Mr. Story has drawn an accurate picture of Swiss life, but the volume lacks the interest which characterized its predecessors. In chapters where he might have particularized to advantage, such as in that devoted to "Literature," the author has been too summary, and a word about Swiss architecture, painting, and industrial art would have added welcome variety.

Books Received

BIOGRAPHY

HENSMAN—Cecil Rhodes. By HOWARD HENSMAN. Harper, \$5.00.

EDUCATIONAL

BABBITT—Renan's Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse. By IRVING BABBITT. Heath Co.

CLARK—Cyrano de Bergerac. By REED PAIGE CLARK. William R. Jenkins, \$0.50.

COLBURN—Graded Physical Exercises. By BERTHA LOUISE COLBURN. Werner Publishing Co., \$1.00.

CRANE—An Investigation. By R. T. CRANE. Rand, McNally.

DAME—The Trees of New England. By DAME AND BROOKS. Ginn & Co., \$1.35.

DEWEY—The Educational Situation. By JOHN DEWEY. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

DEWEY—Psychology and Social Practice. By JOHN DEWEY. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

HUNTINGTON—The Show Dog. By H. W. HUNTINGTON. Remington Printing Co.

INGRES—Cours Complet de Langue Française. Par MAXINE INGRES. University of Chicago Press.

The Critic

JANET—The Mental State of Hystericals. By PIERRE JANET. Putnam, \$3.50.

KEMP—History of Education. By E. L. KEMP. Lippincott.

KERN—The Way of the Preacher. By JOHN A. KERN. Barbee & Smith, \$1.25.

MALONE—Out Among the Animals. By EVA MALONE. Barbee & Smith, \$0.75.

OPPENHEIM—Mental Growth and Control. By NATHAN OPPENHEIM. Macmillan Co., \$1.00.

STEBBENS—Delsarte System of Expression. By GENEVIEVE STEBBENS. Werner Publishing Co., \$2.00.

WILDER—History of Medicine. By ALEXANDER WILDER. New England Eclectic Publishing Co., \$2.00.

YOUNG—Isolation in the Schools. By ELLA FLAGG YOUNG. University of Chicago Press, \$0.50.

FICTION

ALEXANDER—The Yellow Fiend. By Mrs. ALEXANDER. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.00.

ARNOLD—Lepidus the Centurion. By E. L. ARNOLD. T. Y. Crowell & Co., \$1.50.

CLAY—Frank Logan. By Mrs. JOHN M. CLAY. The Abbey Press, \$1.00.

COOPER—A Fool's Year. By E. H. COOPER. Appleton, \$1.00.

CROKER—The Cat's-Paw. By B. M. CROKER. Lippincott, \$1.00.

DICKSON—The Siege of Lady Resolute. By HARRIS DICKSON. Harper, \$1.50.

DRUM—A Dog-Day Journal. By BLOSSOM DRUM. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

HARIGRAVE—Wallannah. By W. L. HARIGRAVE. B. F. Johnson Co.

HARRIS—The King of Andorra. By HENRY E. HARRIS. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

HOLDSWORTH—Michael Ross. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

HOWARD—The Failure of Success. By LADY MABEL HOWARD. Longmans.

MARQUIS—Fair View Mystery. By GEORGE H. MARQUIS. Abbey Press, \$0.75.

MCELROY—The Silent Pioneer. By LUCY C. MCELROY. T. Y. Crowell, \$1.50.

ODENHEIME—The Phantom Caravan. By C. P. ODENHEIME. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PINSON—In White and Black. By W. W. PINSON. Saalfield Publishing Co., \$1.50.

RAME—The Dog of Flanders and the Nurnberg Stove. By LOUISE DE LA RAME (Ouida). Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ROUSE—Under My Own Roof. By A. L. ROUSE. Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.

SMEDBERG—The Improprieties of Noah. By HAROLD V. SMEDBERG. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

STECHHAN—Unrequited Love. By OTTO STECHHAN. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

TALBOT—The Courtship of Sweet Anne Page. By ELLEN V. TALBOT. Funk & Wagnalls, \$0.40.

WHEELER—Josephine Grahame. By JEANNETTE WHEELER. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

WHITBY—Flower and Thorn. By BEATRICE WHITBY. Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.

WILLIAMSON—Mary Starkweather. By CAROLIN CRAWFORD WILLIAMSON. Abbey Press.

YOUNG—Father Manners. By HUDSON YOUNG. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

Youth's Companion Series. The Wide World. Ginn & Co.

Youth's Companion Series. Northern Europe. Ginn & Co.

FRENCH BOOKS

COUBERTIN—La Chronique de France, publiée sous la direction de Pierre de Coubertin.

JUVENILE

BAUM—The Master Key. By L. FRANK BAUM. Bowen-Merrill Co.

DASKAM—The Madness of Philip. By JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM. McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

AITKEN—Love in Its Tenderness. By J. R. AITKEN. Appleton, \$1.00.

BARTLETT—A Golden Way. By ALBERT LE ROY BARTLETT. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

BURGESS—Reconstruction and the Constitution. By J. W. BURGESS. Scribner, \$1.00.

CULLENS—Where Magnolias Bloom. By F. B. CULLENS. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

DOYLE—The War in South Africa. By A. CONAN DOYLE. McClure, Phillips & Co.

FOLKS—The Care of Destitute, Neglected, and Delinquent Children. By HOMER FOLKS. Macmillan Co., \$1.00.

GRENELL—The Sandals. By Z. GRENELL. Funk & Wagnalls, \$0.40.

HAMILT—The Sunday-School Teacher. By PROF. H. M. HAMILT. Barbee & Smith, \$0.50.

HARRIS—The Sectional Struggle. By CICERO N. HARRIS. Lippincott, \$2.50.

HOWARD—The Perverts. By N. L. HOWARD. Dillingham, \$1.50.

HUNT—Through Hell. By HIPRAH HUNT. Zimmerman, \$1.50.

LINN—The Second Generation. By JAMES W. LINN. Macmillan, \$1.50.

MATHER—My Angling Friends. By FRED MATHER. Forest and Stream, \$2.00.

MORRIS—Golden Fluff. By MRS. JAMES EDWIN MORRIS. Abbey Press, \$0.50.

MUIRHEAD—America, The Land of Contrasts. By JAMES H. MUIRHEAD. Lane, \$1.20.

PATTON—Har Lampkins. By ABEL PATTON. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

PENNINGTON—Good Cheer Nuggets. By JEANNE PENNINGTON. Ford, Howard & Hulbert.

PETERS—The Jew as a Patriot. By MASON C. PETERS. Baker-Taylor Co., \$1.00.

RUSKAY—Hearth and Home Essays. By ESTHER J. RUSKAY. Jewish Publication Society.

SHAW—Josh Billings's Old Farmer's Almanac. By W. HENRY SHAW. Dillingham Co.

SMITH—Bobtail Dixie. By ABBIE N. SMITH. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

STECHMAN—Whither Are We Drifting? By OTTO STECHMAN. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

WHYTE—Newman: An Appreciation. By ALEXANDER WHYTE. Longmans, \$1.00.

WINSTON—The Grace of Orders. By N. B. WINSTON. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

YOUNG—Behind the Grill. By DUNCAN FRANCES YOUNG. Abbey Press.

POETRY AND VERSE

FARGO—Songs Not Set to Music. By KATE MILLS FARGO. Abbey Press, \$1.00.

GILDER—Poems and Inscriptions. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. Century Co., \$1.00.

NEVAL—Thoughts that Come in the Night. By R. ED. NEVAL. Monarch Printing Co.

SHAKESPEARE—Twelfth Night. By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

BIXBY—The New World and the New Thought. By JAMES T. BIXBY. Whittaker, \$1.00.

DRESSER—Book of Secrets. By HORATIO W. DRESSER. Putnam, \$1.00.

DUFF—Psychic Researches and Gospel Miracles. By Rev. E. M. DUFF and T. G. ALLEN. Whittaker, \$1.50.

HENSON—Godly Union and Concord. By H. HENSELEY HENSON. Longmans.

MASON—The Ministry of Conversation. By A. J. MASON. Longmans.

MCCLELLAND—Verba Crucis. By T. CALVIN MCCLELLAND. Merrymount Press, \$0.50.

ROBINSON—The Personal Life of the Clergy. By ARTHUR W. ROBINSON. Longmans, \$0.50.

SMYTH—Through Science to Faith. By NEWMAN SMYTH. Scribner, \$1.50.

SOULSBY—Christ and His Cross. By L. H. M. SOULSBY. Longmans.

SWETE—Patristic Study. By H. B. SWETE. Longmans.

THOMPSON—The Hand of God in American History. By ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON. Crowell, \$1.00.

TRAVEL

THWAITES—Down Historic Waterways. By REUBEN GOLD THWAITES. McClurg Co.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of *THE CRITIC* by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mechanics' Institute Free Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

The Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. Dunne. (Russell, \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Talks with Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novels.

The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$2.00.)

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Mercantile Library. W. T. PROPLES, Librarian.

Caroline the Illustrious. Wilkins. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$12.00.)

The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox.
Ilchester. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
In Sicily. Sladen. (Dutton, 2 vols., \$20.00.)
Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)
China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
Links with the Past. Bagehot. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.50.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, *Librarian.*
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$9.00.)
Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
The Mystery of Mary Stuart. Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co., \$5.00.)
Anticipations. Wells. (Harper, \$1.50.)
The Mastery of the Pacific. Colquhoun. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. MARY W. PLUMMER, *Librarian.*
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)
The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL, *Librarian.*
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
Ranch Life and Hunting Trail. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$2.00.)
Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
American Authors and their Homes. Halsey. (Pott, \$1.50.)
Spinster Book. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.50 net.)
Most Popular Novel.
Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

ATLANTA, GA.

Carnegie Institute Library. ANNE WALLACE LEE, *Librarian.*
Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
France. Watson. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)
Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Macmillan, \$7.50.)
Practical Electricity. Ayrton. (Cleveland Armature, \$2.00.)
History of Scotland. Lang. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)
Dynamic Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Southern Literature. Link. (Methodist Pub. House, \$1.50.)
Most Popular Novel.
Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

William Hamilton Gibson. Adams. (Putnam, \$2.00.)

The Real Latin Quarter. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

Life of Queen Victoria. Lorne. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Fireside Sphinx. Replier. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

Southern Wild Flowers. Lounsberry. (Stokes, \$3.65.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)

The Rights of Man. Abbott. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Public Library. FRED'K H. HILD,
Librarian.

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Elizabeth and Her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)

Boys of '76. Coffin. (Harper, \$2.00.)

Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (Amer. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

The Spinster Book. Reed. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Public Library. WM. H. BRETT, *Librarian.*

Suggestive Therapeutics. Bernheim. (Putnam, \$3.50.)

Eugene Field. Thompson. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.00.)

Reconstruction in Theology. King. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Magic. Hopkins. (Munn & Co., \$2.50.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

Solar Biology. Butler. (Esoteric Pub. Co., Applegate, Cal.)

American Traits. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Turning Points in Successful Careers. Thayer. (Crowell & Co., 75 cts.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit Public Library. HENRY M. UTLEY,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

What All the World's A-Seeking. Trine.
(Ellis, \$1.25.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell,
\$1.25.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

Sketch of Semitic Origins. Barton. (Macmil-
lan, \$3.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

Helena Public Library. MARY G. GARDNER,
Librarian.

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

Poems. Longfellow. (Various editions.)

Poems. Whittier. (Various editions.)

Taming of the Shrew. Shakespeare. (Vari-
ous editions.)

Essays. Macaulay. (Various editions.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
lan, \$2.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd,
Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Poems. Campbell. (Various editions.)

Journey to Nature. Mowbray. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Newest England. Lloyd. (Doubleday, Page
& Co., \$2.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Free Public Library. ESTHER E. BURDICK,
Librarian.

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop,
\$1.20.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$1.75.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson.
(Scribner, \$2.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2
vols., \$3.75.)

The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. (Macmil-
lan, \$1.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
lan, \$2.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., \$1.50.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Public Library. CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY,
Librarian.

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

The True Thomas Jefferson. Curtis. (Lippin-
cott, \$2.00.)

Critical Biography of Henrik Ibsen. Jaeger.
(McClurg & Co., \$1.50.)

Scientific Demonstration of Future Life. Hud-
son. (McClurg & Co., \$1.50.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell &
Co., \$1.25.)

Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Har-
per, \$3.00.)

Little Journeys. Hubbard. (Putnam, \$1.75
per vol.)

Apparitions of Thought-Transference. Pod-
more. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Studies in Psychical Research. Podmore.
(Putnam, \$2.00.)

Spiritual Significance. Whiting. (Little,
Brown & Co., \$1.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., \$1.50.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Los Angeles Public Library. MARY L. JONES,
Librarian.

Our National Parks. Muir. (Houghton, Mif-
flin & Co., \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday,
Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour.
(Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmil-
lan, \$2.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton,
Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips
& Co., \$1.50.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Har-
per, \$1.50.)

Life of Queen Victoria. Argyll. (Harper,
\$2.50.)

The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Composition. Dow. (Baker-Taylor, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Public Library. J. K. HOSMER, *Librarian.*

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin &
Co., \$1.50.)

The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett.
(Stokes, \$1.25.)

Blennerhassett. Pigdin. Clark. (\$1.50.)
 Captain Ravenshaw. Stephens. (Page, \$1.50.)
 The Ruling Passion. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

My New Curate. Sheehan. (Morlier, \$1.50.)
 In the Fog. Davis. (Russell, \$1.50.)
 The Man from Glengarry. Connor. (Revell, \$1.50.)

Flood Tide. Greene. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Marietta. Crawford. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.
 Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co., \$1.00.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mercantile Library. JOHN ASHURST, *Librarian.*

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$2.00.)

The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Burnett. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Hand of God in American History. Thompson.

The Study of Religion. Jastrow. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Most Popular Novel.
 Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian.*

Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 The Story of France. Watson. (Macmillan, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Cecil Rhodes. Hensman. (Harper, \$5.00.)
 Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. Lounsbury. (Scribner, \$3.00.)

Pen and Ink. Matthews. (Scribner, \$1.25.)
 Power through Repose. Call. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.00.)

The Life of Napoleon. Rose. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)

Wealth against Commonwealth. Lloyd. (Harper, \$3.50.)

Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner, \$7.50.)
 Poets of the Younger Generation. Archer. (Lane, \$6.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*
 The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, \$4.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Ulysses. Phillips. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson, \$1.50.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)
 China in Convulsion. Smith. (Revell, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

City Library Association. H. C. WELLMAN, *Librarian.*

School, College, and Character. Briggs. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

American Traits. Munsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$3.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Public Library. HELEN J. McCAIN, *Librarian.*

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- How the Other Half Lives. Riis. (Scribner, \$2.50.)
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)
- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
Most Popular Novel.
- Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Syracuse Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY,
Librarian.

- The Letters of John Richard Green. (Macmillan, \$4.00.)
- Works. Parkman. (Little, Brown & Co., 12 vols., \$24.00.)
- The Wilderness Hunter. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
- The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
- Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
- Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
- Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, \$3.75.)
- Bears of Blue River. Major. (Doubleday & McClure, \$1.25.)
- White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, 6 vols., \$12.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CAN.

Toronto Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR.
Librarian.

- With the "Ophir" round the Empire. Maxwell. (Copp, Clark & Co., \$1.50.)

Lord Roberts: A Biography. Brooke-Hunt. (Nisbet, 6s.)

Hall Caine, the Man and the Novelist. Kenyon. (Greening, 3s. 6d.)

Henry Drummond. Simpson. (Oliphant, 1s. 6d.)

American Duck Shooting. Grinnell. (Forest and Stream, \$3.50.)

The Last of the Masai. Hindo. (Heinemann, 15s.)

The Apostles of the South-east. Bullen. (Briggs, \$1.25.)

Caroline, Queen-Consort of George III. Wilkins. (Longmans, Green & Co., 2 vols., 36s.)

Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox. Ilchester and Stravordale. (Murray, 2 vols., 32s.)

Dorothy Sidney, Countess of Sunderland. Cartwright. (Seeley, 7s. 6d.)
Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Morang, \$1.50.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GRENE,
Librarian.

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Seen in Germany. Baker. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$2.00.)

Old Time Gardens. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$15.00.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

Queen Victoria. Duke of Argyll. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
Most Popular Novel.

Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)



